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PERHAPS MORE HEARTENING than any other development of the Roosevelt Administration is the rapidity with which it appears to be moving toward international cooperation. Particularly gratifying is the joint statement issued by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Bennett of Canada:

> Economic and monetary policies must be adjusted to permit a freer international exchange of commodities. . . . No one of these problems can be profitably dealt with in isolation from the others nor can a single country accomplish a satisfactory solution. . . . We have agreed to begin a search for means to increase the exchange of commodities between our two countries and thereby promote not only economic betterment on the North American continent but also the general improvement of world conditions.

The words, the spirit, and the doctrine are all in refreshing contrast to those of the Hoover Administration. It remains to be seen, of course, how and when statements of this sort will be translated into concrete terms. The difficulties in the way—which include in this instance the serious obstacle presented by the Ottawa pacts—should not be minimized. But such a statement issued jointly with the representative of the country's second largest customer is an initial step of the first importance.

IT IS ALSO TOO EARLY to judge what the final result of the Washington conversations will be in our relations with other countries. France, for example, is clearly disappointed in the work of its spokesman, former Premier Herriot, and may not even subscribe to whatever tentative agreement he arrived at. France has consistently and vigorously supported the contention that as long as world peace remains "unorganized," political unrest will continue to disturb world business. But to France the "organization" of world peace means only one thing, that England and America should bind themselves beforehand to come to the assistance of France in case it is attacked by a hostile Power or group of Powers. At the Paris Peace Conference the French tried to induce England and the United States to enter into an alliance with them. More recently they have been suggesting that we sign a consultative pact under which we would agree in advance to join with other Powers in considering action against an aggressor nation. An arrangement of this sort was M. Herriot's primary objective in Washington. That the former Premier should have failed to obtain an unconditional agreement from Mr. Roosevelt was a foregone conclusion. But the President did meet M. Herriot halfway. Through his spokesmen in Washington and through Norman H. Davis, his representative at Geneva, he suggested that the United States was prepared to agree to a consultative pact. He did not announce the exact terms upon which the United States would sign such an agreement, though he did hint that one of the major conditions would be acceptance by Europe of a sincere and comprehensive disarmament program. That would necessarily force France to reduce the size of its enormous military establishment. It was inevitable that France should be disappointed.

BY DOUBLING to $200,000,000 the amount of silver the Administration is "permitted" to accept in payment of war debts, the Senate merely doubled the indefensibility of that particular amendment to the inflation amendment. This silver provision is a disguised way of doing one of two things. First, as it permits the Administration to accept the silver at a rate of anything up to 50 cents an ounce, which is considerably higher than the present market price, it is a disguised way of reducing the war-debt payments. It is desirable to reduce these payments, but it is also desirable that the reduction be made in a direct and straightforward manner. From another point of view the purpose of the silver provision is practically to compel the American government to buy silver at considerably more than the market rate and to hold it indefinitely. The government, it is true, is not obliged to continue to hold the silver under the terms of the provision itself. If it failed to do so, however, the provision would be an entirely useless one from anybody's standpoint. The foreign governments would be compelled to build up credits here with which they would buy silver, and would then transfer

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the silver to our government, which would then sell it back to the market! The silver propagandists, of course, would insist that this metal be held. If this process is justified for silver, it is equally justified in principle for any other commodity. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., chairman of the Federal Farm Board, announces that the government has finally got rid of its wheat, after taking a loss of $160,000,000. But at least it can be said in the case of wheat that the government did not pay more than the going market rate when it originally bought it.

WHILE WASHINGTON FIDDLES with plans for farm relief of doubtful value to farmers and of dangerous portent to the country as a whole, Governor Herring of Iowa has done his bit for distressed agriculturists by calling out the militia and putting a part of the State under martial law. It is hard to see how this can lessen the sense of outrage which farmers feel at finding themselves dispossessed from their homes for causes which they can in no way control. It may surprise some to learn that mortgage foreclosures are still going on in Iowa after the action of the legislature at its recent session. A law was then passed postponing all foreclosures on mortgages until March 1, 1935, meanwhile putting the property in question in court control. But the constitutionality of this law has yet to be passed upon by the State's high court, and in the interim some judges are carrying it out while others are not. Judge Charles C. Bradley of Le Mars, apparently, was still granting foreclosures, and a delegation of local farmers visited him to ask that he stop. They seem to have come into court somewhat truculently, some with their hats on and smoking. Thereupon Judge Bradley, with a concern for the "majesty of the law" which is the one question upon which the bench is always united, rebuked the delegation with the words, as given in a press report, "This is my court."

PERHAPS THE FARMERS were, unintentionally or purposely, discourteous. Anyhow Judge Bradley's smug declaration did nothing to sweeten the tempers of men who knew in fact that the court was maintained and the judge's salary paid out of taxes wrung from them and other hard-pressed citizens of the State. In an attack apparently not previously meditated, the farmers dragged the judge out of the court, beat him, smeared him with grease, and put a rope around his neck. It is hard to say at this writing whether or not Governor Herring's injection of military rule into the region was justified, but it is well to recall that in the last quarter of a century Iowa has been reduced from a foremost place among our sound and prosperous agricultural States to utter chaos. The United States Department of Agriculture has just reported that from 1929 to the end of 1932 the gross income of American farmers declined by 57 per cent and their cash return by 72 per cent. Iowa farmers contributed magnificently to make this showing, and whatever money they have left is largely impounded in closed banks. In a summary of the banking situation of the country on March 10 last, the Associated Press reported that out of 190 Federal Reserve banks in Iowa only 90 had been allowed to reopen, while of 626 non-member institutions all but 140 were still closed. Governor Herring's bayonet rule may restore what is called order to the stricken area but it cannot give it life.

THE REICH GOVERNMENT derives new strength from the merging of the Steel Helmet with the National Socialist storm divisions under Hitler's supreme command. The conversion to National Socialism of Franz Seldte, Minister of Labor in the national Cabinet and commander of the Steel Helmet forces, and the expulsion of Lieutenant-Colonel Düsterberg for insubordination are the last steps in the suppression of those diehards in this oldest of the post-war veteran organizations who still resisted fascist dictatorship. Skirmishes in Brunswick and in the Rhineland, where this element supported the radicals in their struggle against the Nazi troops, led to the negotiations for amalgamation. Indeed, the attempt of the local and state Reichsbanner and Red Front groups to carry on propaganda among the monarchist veterans might have succeeded for a time if they had proceeded with discretion. Instead, they marched to Steel Helmet headquarters singing Red Front and Reichsbanner songs, and drew the attention of the watchful Nazis to their maneuvers. A resolution adopted by the Nationalist Party condemning Seldte and expressing sympathy with Düsterberg indicates that Dr. Alfred Hugenberg is preparing to take up the fight against the Hitler camp to preserve his party, endangered by recent wholesale desertions, and to protect his Cabinet position.

THE PERSECUTION of German Communist and radical workers continues. Newspapers from abroad report the slaying of several workers in various parts of the Reich "while trying to escape." Four Communist functionaries are reported to have committed suicide while resisting arrest. In a number of industrial centers in the Ruhr newly elected radical shop councilors were arbitrarily replaced by Nazis. In these *Betriebsräte* elections in the Ruhr mines the ticket of the Social Democratic trade unions received 73,000 votes, that of the Christian unions 32,000, of the Communist 13,000, of the Fascist 43,000. Two years ago the Nazis polled only 4,000 votes. Nevertheless, that Socialist and Communist candidates should, under present conditions, receive so large a majority shows that the workers are more courageous than their leaders, many of whom have fled the country. Among the most recent of these are Severing, for many years Minister of the Interior; Dr. Breitscheid, executive committee member of the Social Democratic Party; Leinert, mayor of Hanover and president of the Prussian Diet; and Dr. Hilferding, the Socialist theorist. In Bremen, Königsberg, and Cologne the party-owned newspaper buildings have been confiscated by state authorities and placed at the disposal of the Nazi press.

THE ABSOLUTE CONTROL of the inner political structure of the Reich by the National Socialist Party has thus far failed to improve economic conditions. From Hamburg, Frankfort, and Berlin come laments, muffled by censorship, over the reduction of foreign trade through the quiet boycott, the effects of which are making themselves felt in every branch of commerce and industry. But this deterioration should not be ascribed entirely to the foreign boycott movement. The financial condition of Germany as reflected in the gold situation of the Reichsbank clearly indicates the true state of affairs. The statement of April 22 of that semi-governmental institution shows a ratio of gold reserves against

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outstanding obligations of only 9.3 per cent, compared to 10 per cent in the previous week and 26.6 per cent a month ago. A year and a half ago a presidential decree gave the Reichsbank permission to issue currency with a coverage of not less than 25 per cent. In its last report the Reichsbank described the financial situation of Germany as follows:

> In spite of manipulation with foreign securities and standstill agreements the reserves of the Reichsbank in gold and foreign securities have again decreased by almost a quarter of a billion marks and have thereby reached a low standard that requires grave consideration. . . . The Reichsbank will face serious problems in the future if it should prove impossible to raise the foreign trade balances which have dropped so alarmingly during the first months of the current year.

A further sign of the critical state of affairs is the discharge from the German Banknote Printing Office on April 15 of its entire staff and all its employees. Only those were reinstated who had been for at least two years members of the National Socialist Party, and for whose loyalty and integrity not less than three trusted Nazis were willing to vouch. These precautions suggest that the printing-presses of the German Treasury are to be put to work once more with a new and uncontrolled inflation of currency. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, is not coming to America on May 6 solely to confer with President Roosevelt. His main task will be to obtain financial assistance for Germany, but not even the house of Morgan is likely to back new loans so totally unsecured by tangible assets.

THE JAPANESE have learned from their Manchurian experience, if they have learned nothing else, that they must not be too open and direct in their colonization campaign in China. When they established the "independent" state of Manchukuo their military forces were much in evidence. Now that they are busy erecting a new "independent" government just below the Great Wall they are following different, more subtle tactics. Both Japanese and Manchukuoan troops were used in the initial drive into the Peiping-Tientsin area. This invasion had the effect of demoralizing the local population and undermining the Nanking Government's authority in that section. But before anything more serious happened—for instance, a native revolt followed by the establishment of a new state—the Japanese troops were withdrawn to the Great Wall. The Tokio War Office explained that they had completed their task, which was to clear the area contiguous to the Manchurian border of unruly elements. But the Chinese troops under the Manchukuoan flag were evidently not affected by this order. They continued the drive toward Peiping. In the meantime the Nanking troops have been falling back, while the local Chinese have been fraternizing with the Manchukuoan forces. If anything now happens in this area, the Japanese will not be blamed, or so they hope, for they will be many miles away. To quote the New York *Times* correspondent at Tientsin, "the Japanese consider a Chinese coup de force in North China practically certain of accomplishment by the Chinese elements friendly to Manchukuo, and hence are withdrawing northward from the triangle to give the overturn the specious appearance that it is entirely a Chinese affair." Very clever strategy! But will it really deceive the rest of the world?

WHILE DEPENDING UPON the Chinese to do their bidding in the Peiping-Tientsin area, the Japanese have been more active in other fields. A Japanese member of the Manchukuo Privy Council announced a few days ago that notwithstanding the Changchun Government's promise that it will respect the principle of the open door, it intends very soon to close its territory to the trade of all foreign countries which refuse to recognize it. The Foreign Office in Tokio stated the following day that it did not believe this announcement was authentic. It is not likely that the Japanese in Tokio and their representatives in Changchun are working at cross purposes. The Japanese probably took this means to inform the world indirectly that they are about to close the door to Manchukuo if recognition of the latter's "independence" is not soon forthcoming. Nor has Japan abandoned its designs upon the Russian half-interest in the Chinese-Eastern Railway. According to an Associated Press dispatch from Tokio, Japan means to obtain control of the railway and eliminate Russian influence in Manchuria, "but is confident that it will be unnecessary to fight or pay much for the road," while a special dispatch from Moscow in the New York *Herald Tribune* reports an official Soviet announcement that the validity of Russia's claim to part ownership in the Chinese Eastern has actually been denied by Manchukuoan members of the railway's board of directors. Russia has replied firmly, citing chapter and clause of the Peking and Mukden treaties in defense of its rights in the road. Its tone is conciliatory, but it is evident that continued provocative measures on the part of Japan and Manchukuo will weaken the hope of a peaceful settlement of the dispute.

ASSASSINATIONS ARE LIKE WARS in that they rarely accomplish their object, even when there is one in view, but there is a chance that the shooting of President Sanchez Cerro of Peru may bring to an end the unusually stupid conflict for the possession of Leticia. The dead President was a moving spirit in initiating the war for Leticia and in leading Peru to refuse to accept the League of Nations' award of the Amazon port to Colombia. His death may make it possible for Peru to abandon a foolish enterprise without undue injury to that primitive and usually mischievous sentiment known as national pride. It was while reviewing 25,000 troops in training for the war with Colombia that Sanchez Cerro was shot, apparently by one of the party that has been opposing the war, the members of which had been ruthlessly handled by the executive.

FELIX ADLER withdrew from orthodoxy at the age of twenty-four to found a religion of his own which should be guided by ethics and be free of all ritual or dogma. That was fifty-seven years ago. It would be difficult to measure the influence which the Society for Ethical Culture has exerted in many fields among both Jews and non-Jews. Today Ethical Culture societies are to be found in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Japan as well as in the principal cities of the United States. Having cast off the limitations of religious ritual and taken all ethics for its province, the society was in a position to undertake a wide variety of social projects. "Ethical culture," said Dr. Adler on one occasion, "asks you to make humanity's tragedies your own." The society started the first free kindergarten in the United States, established a

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school for the children of laboring men and an important settlement house, the Hudson Guild, and became identified with other phases of social-welfare work in New York City. Yet in spite of its broad secular interests the society, under the leadership of Dr. Adler, retained its authentic religious character. He himself was deeply religious and was active in the society's affairs almost until his death on April 24. Felix Adler was an unusual and significant American. He was a scholar who never ceased studying, an international professor who at various times held chairs in three of the world's leading universities. He was, finally, a man of great personal charm, whose warm spontaneous humor was unaffected by his formidable importance as a public figure.

OSCAR WILDE, it will be remembered, once defined fashion as "a form of ugliness so intolerable that it has to be changed every six months." Today the ribald layman who gets his science out of the daily papers is tempted to adapt the epigram to read, "Cosmology is a form of absurdity so unbearable that it has to be changed every three weeks." Indeed, he is even tempted to carry the analogy one step farther, and to add that when nothing new can be invented, the cosmologist, like the dress designer, goes in for a revival. Consider, for example, the paper just read before the National Academy of Science by Professor Dayton C. Miller, formerly one of Michelson's collaborators. Without naming it, Professor Miller reintroduces the conception of "ether," and boldly disregards the fact that recent science has just about given up as a hopeless absurdity that marvelous substance which was supposed to be absolutely rigid and at the same time so completely fluid that it passed through all bodies without affecting them in any way. For many years Professor Miller has been following an interferometer around a circle and now he has come to the conclusion that the solar system is moving at the rate of 130 miles a second through a *resisting* medium in the direction of the constellation Swordfish, visible in the southern skies. We confess that we do not understand this idea much better than we understand the expanding-contracting-winding-up-running-down universe recently so popular, but some day, when the theories promise to stay put for a reasonable length of time, we intend to try to catch up with them. When they are changing at a truly astronomical rate, it hardly seems worth while.

VIRTUE is one of the words which have been censored out of the movies. The *New Yorker* broke that news several weeks ago and kindly explained the censor's logic in the matter, which is simply that if you call certain women "virtuous" you thereby suggest the possibility that others are not. On this principle the Ten Commandments are also out, since a "thou shalt not" certainly implies the possibility of doing the thing forbidden. But the radio censor is willing to go to even greater lengths in his determination to protect the innocent moron. He deletes not only words whose opposites are improper but also those to which the auditor who is unfamiliar with them might attach an obscene meaning. According to *Variety,* the National Broadcasting Company has just ordered the removal of the word impunity from the lyric entitled I Lay Me Down to Sleep on the ground that it might be mistaken for "impurity." If this goes on we see a great simplification of the English language. "Eschatological," "crapulous," and "sexagenarian" should go at once.

Teachers' Progress

AFTER going unpaid for nearly a year, Chicago's 14,000 public-school teachers staged an educational program of their own consonant with the modern "learn by doing" formula. The city owes them some $30,000,000, an average of $2,140 per instructor. Homes have been lost. Families have suffered undernourishment, even actual hunger. Their life insurance cashed in, their savings gone, some teachers have been driven to panhandling after school hours to get food. They had been advised by Jesse Jones, director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to persuade the bankers to seek a federal loan to permit Chicago to discharge its indebtedness to the teachers. Under this plan the banks would use the city's tax-anticipation warrants as collateral. On April 24, having tried vainly for months to negotiate for their pay, the teachers, 5,000 strong, formed into five columns and marched on the city's five leading banks. At the City National, jeering reminders to the chairman of its board, General Charles G. Dawes, of his recent $90,000,000 loan from the R. F. C., following his "technically" illegal loans to numerous Insull companies, evoked the former Vice-President's ready profanity. "To hell with trouble-makers," was his reply. When no relief was forthcoming from bankers or city authorities, the teachers demonstrated again two days later. On this occasion they were attacked and clubbed by police—likewise unpaid, but not so much in arrears as the teachers. One of the teachers, ill after months of privation, unable to support his wife and three children, committed suicide.

Chicago's financial plight antedated the depression. Favoritism and collusion with powerful business interests resulted in flagrant discrimination in tax assessments and laxity in tax collections. Some taxes of the boom year, 1928, have not yet been collected. Even the vaunted prosperity of the Coolidge-Hoover era could not offset the looting of Chicago under Insull-banker-politician-gangster domination. On the very day when the teachers were receiving an object lesson in civics from policemen's nightsticks, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune,* was denouncing before the Advertising Club of New York the "pink doctrines" taught in the nation's schools and colleges. His newspaper, always active in opposing radicalism, has been complaisant or ineffective in the face of the corruption and gangsterism which have made his city notorious. It was the *Tribune's* police reporter who, after his murder three years ago, was found to have been the go-between for the Chicago police and the underworld. While the New York dailies deemed the march of the 5,000 teachers front-page news, the "world's greatest newspaper" relegated it to page eight. It suppressed entirely the interesting item that the teachers had hauled down in Grant Park the flag flaunting the slogan of the Chicago World's Fair, "A Century of Progress." A group of distinguished Columbia University professors has urged the National Education Association to cancel its convention there this summer. Such action would be effective. Let us hope that the National Education Association will give new vitality to its middle name by thus helping to "lead out" its associates from the bog in which Chicago's financial leadership has sunk them.

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Judge Lowell's Great Decision

JUDGE JAMES A. LOWELL of the Federal District Court of Massachusetts has rendered a decision of far-reaching import. It has precipitated impeachment proceedings and become a nation-wide issue. On resolution of Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, the House, 209 to 150, voted an investigation by its judiciary committee of the judge's granting a writ of habeas corpus to George Crawford, colored, under indictment in Virginia for the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley. Whatever may be the legal technicalities of the case, Judge Lowell has, in effect, challenged the jury system as it applies to the trial of Negroes in the South, and the implicit sixty years' violation of the Constitution of the United States. The first clause of the Fourteenth Amendment declares that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." It is possible that the case of George Crawford may become historically no less momentous than that of Dred Scott.

The general basis for Judge Lowell's decision refusing the extradition sought by Virginia, and already granted by Governor Joseph B. Ely, lies in the refusal of the State of Virginia to permit well-qualified Negro jurors to sit on juries. In Crawford's case that issue had been raised and not disputed. It had been agreed between counsel for the State and the defense that Judge Alexander, circuit judge of the Twenty-sixth Judicial Circuit of Virginia, which includes Loudoun County where the crime was committed, Edward O. Russell, clerk of the Circuit Court, and Eugene S. Adrian, sheriff of the county, would testify that none of them had ever known "of any Negro to be called for jury duty or to serve on any jury in Loudoun County." To this, Judge Alexander added that he knew there were Negroes in Loudoun County who met the common law and statutory requirements of grand jurors, and had no doubt there were Negroes in the county who further measured up to the standards which he himself in his discretion had established for grand jurors of the county, but he had never investigated the qualifications of any Negro for jury duty.

Having first ruled that the foregoing facts were admissible as evidence, Judge Lowell, applying the Supreme Court decision in Neal *vs.* Delaware, granted the writ. In that case, the question was raised whether the exclusion of qualified jurors of colored blood possessing all the requisite qualifications was not a violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States. Based only on the prisoner's uncontradicted affidavit, Mr. Justice Stone answered the question affirmatively, saying in part: "The fact . . . that no colored citizen had ever been summoned as a juror in the courts of the State . . . presented a prima facie case of denial . . . of that equality of protection which has been secured by the Constitution . . ."

In the case of Neal, there had been merely a presumption of exclusion of colored jurors. In the Crawford case, there was no room for presumption. Judge Lowell was therefore confronted with two questions: first, whether he should ignore the agreed facts as he was urged to do by the Massachusetts Assistant Attorney-General, who alleged that certain decisions of the Supreme Court rendered such facts irrelevant; and, second, if he did admit the facts, whether they would require him to grant the writ. To be sure, certain recent decisions of the Supreme Court (Drew *vs.* Thaw, Biddinger *vs.* Commissioner of Police, and Hogan *vs.* O'Neill) seemed to indicate that a federal judge on habeas corpus and extradition cases is narrowly limited in the facts which he has a right to consider. Nevertheless, it has not been decided by the Supreme Court that facts showing that an indictment was void because found by a grand jury impaneled in violation of the Constitution of the United States may not be considered on habeas corpus in extradition proceedings. And it would seem arguable that such a decision could scarcely be made, for the warrant of extradition depended upon the existence of an indictment constitutionally sound, however imperfectly expressed. Without that, Governor Ely's warrant of extradition would seem to be void.

It is true that the decision *In re* Wood (140 U. S. 278) seems opposed to this view. That was a case where habeas corpus was sought, after a conviction in the State court, on the ground that the grand jury that found the indictment was improperly impaneled. It was thus sought to make the writ of habeas corpus serve the purposes of a writ of error; and it was held that that could not be done. But the opinion in that case preserves the discretion of the federal court on habeas corpus referred to in *Ex parte* Royall (117 U. S. 241), where the writ is brought before trial.

It has been necessary to refer to these decisions to show that Judge Lowell was confronted with a novel and difficult question of law, requiring careful analysis of a considerable number of decisions of the Supreme Court not entirely easy to reconcile. He decided to consider the agreed facts. That presented the second question, and brought the case of Neal *vs.* Delaware into operation. Judge Lowell decided that that decision required him to hold that the indictment was void. The result was that the writ had to be granted and the prisoner discharged.

The decision has already had one extra-legal effect. The discrimination suffered by the Southern Negro, not merely socially and economically but before the law, has been more widely publicized than in any other single episode in a generation. It comes with dramatic coincidence in the immediate wake of the Scottsboro case. And there is evidence, despite the unseemly vituperation on both sides in the House debate, that the soberer and more enlightened opinion in the South may not prove unresponsive to the challenge. In the New York *Times,* Virginius Dabney, a distinguished younger son of the Old Dominion and the author of the recent volume "Liberalism in the South," wrote that the Lowell decision had "brought many Virginians and other Southerners to a realization that something probably will have to be done about the Southern jury system. The attitude of many thoughtful Southerners . . . is that it would be wise for Southern courts to begin calling Negro jurors from time to time." It would be the part not only of wisdom, but of elementary justice, and a belated effort toward vindicating the immortal Declaration written by the greatest of all Virginians.

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Devaluation—or Drift?

IT is no longer necessary to argue at length the need for a controlled inflation. We have not only abandoned the gold basis for the moment, but we are now virtually certain to enact a measure placing in the hands of the Administration powers for an inflation greater than any ever before contemplated in our national history. The question to be settled now is the still crucial one of what kind of inflation. To exactly what extent do we want to inflate; when; and by what method?

It is our own belief that the practically uniform reduction of the gold content of the principal currencies of the world, through international agreement, and the earliest possible resumption by those countries of free convertibility at the new gold basis, would be not only the soundest possible course, but the only one that would bring a prompt return of confidence. International devaluation is a bold step, but we have now reached a point where, as so often in the case of surgical operations, safety can be had only through boldness.

Alternative courses that seem on the surface more cautious or conservative are in reality far more dangerous. This is particularly true, for example, of the provision in the new bill permitting the Administration virtually to compel the Federal Reserve banks to buy $3,000,000,000 more of United States government bonds than they now hold. Senator Glass, in his very able and eloquent speech against the inflation program, pointed out that this section of the bill turns the Federal Reserve System into "a servile agency of the Treasury Department," which, in fact, has always used it more or less as "a doormat." The system, as Senator Glass remarked, has already "choked its portfolios with nearly $2,000,000,000 of government bonds, practically by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury and the board here, not a dollar of which it required in its business." These purchases have not, in fact, caused the member banks to expand their loans; they have hurt rather than helped the system's ability to accommodate the member banks; and the system could not now dispose of the bonds "without utterly demoralizing the entire bond market of the United States."

What has been the theory behind this policy, which, in spite of its demonstrated futility, continues to be so widely supported? It is the theory that prices depend directly upon the volume of currency or of credit; that prices cannot rise without increased "purchasing power," and that we must have this added currency or credit before we have the added "purchasing power." And this belief has led a large number of commentators either to believe that the devaluation of the dollar or of other currencies is altogether unnecessary, or that at least it should come as the end-result of inflation and not as the initial step. This view is supported by, among others, Walter Lippmann, John Chamberlain writing in the *New Republic,* and the *New Republic* editorially. Some of the arguments by which the idea is defended are astonishing. "Business and prices move first," says the *New Republic;* "they are causes of what happens to money, not results." We cannot believe that the *New Republic* seriously intended to say this. Was it a mysterious rise in prices of 600 per cent in France and Italy from 1914 to 1926 that caused those two countries to inflate their currencies? Or was it inflation of the currency that caused the rise of prices? Was it a rise of 300,000,000 per cent in the German price level in 1923 that caused the issuance of sextillions of paper marks; or was it the other way round? There is only one answer to these questions.

Mr. Chamberlain, arguing against devaluation, remarks:

> International trade is not actually done on a gold basis, but on a bill-of-exchange basis. The price of wheat rises and falls internationally with the supply of and demand for bills of exchange. Gold is only used to settle balances between central banks.

The final sentence will certainly astonish those in the foreign-exchange departments of ordinary commercial banks who were accustomed to import gold or to draw it for export whenever the dollar went above or below the "gold points." Those foreign-exchange dealers will be even more astonished to learn that international trade is not ordinarily done on a gold basis. What does Mr. Chamberlain suppose is meant by the statement that the parity of the pound is $4.8665? It means that when both currencies were on a gold basis there was exactly 4.8665 times as much gold in the pound sterling as in the dollar. And when countries are on a gold basis it is this gold ratio, not the supply and demand of bills of exchange, that counts; for the exchange rate cannot move more than a fraction of 1 per cent either up or down without leading to gold shipments that check the movement. When a country is off the gold basis its so-called trade balance naturally becomes more important in determining its rate of exchange; but that trade balance is still far less important in its effect on a country's exchange rate than the prospects regarding the time and the level at which gold (or silver) payments will be resumed. Was it a sudden shift in the trade balance that caused the pound to depreciate 25 per cent within twenty-four hours after England announced the suspension of gold payments? Was it a sudden shift in our own trade balance that caused the dollar to go to a discount of 11½ per cent on the day after Secretary Woodin declared the gold embargo? It is well to keep in mind that it is in the strictest sense impossible for a country's foreign trade not to be "balanced." If its imports (in the broadest sense) exceed its exports, it borrows from abroad, either on long or short term, the exact amount of the difference.

This brings us to Mr. Lippmann's view:

> If the [inflation] bill means that the President or anyone else should try to decide what the gold content of the dollar should be, it is putting the cart before the horse. . . . It is proposed to raise the price level, which is equivalent to reducing the purchasing power of the dollar. When the new price level is reached, and the government is stabilizing at that level . . . the gold value of the dollar will be its then exchange value with other gold currencies if there are any left. That will determine the new gold content of the dollar.

With all respect, it is precisely Mr. Lippmann who is putting the cart before the horse. What he is saying, in effect, is that the dollar should be left to the mercies of international

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speculators for an indefinite number of months, during which business would be left in complete uncertainty regarding its ultimate level of stabilization. Presumably this policy would be tempered only by a so-called "stabilization fund." Historically, in post-war France, Italy, Germany, and now in England, the policy that Mr. Lippmann and others recommend is the policy that has actually been followed. But it has been followed at the cost of constant business unsettlement, of an uncertainty that makes it impossible for manufacturers to make plans for more than a few months ahead, and sometimes of stagnation. In our opinion, the failure of British prices to rise sufficiently to offset the depreciation of the pound is largely the result of this uncertainty. The fact that devaluation in the past has not come until after a long period of violently fluctuating exchange rates is no reason why we should continue such a senseless policy when we do not have to.

The gold standard, it cannot be too often repeated, means that currency is freely convertible at any time into its face value in the metal gold. A price in any gold-standard country, therefore, expresses at bottom the relation between the value of the commodity priced and the value of a given weight of gold. The world value of gold itself, of course, is affected by the world volume of credit, just as the world value of wheat may be affected by short sales of wheat. If the quantity of gold in the dollar is cut in half, then, other things being equal, prices will approximately double. The rise in prices will itself bring into existence the credit necessary to sustain it; business, seeing a profit at last, will borrow more; and the banks, at last assured that the price level, the chief general influence affecting the security of their loans, will rise instead of continuing to fall, will lend more. This will be natural credit, far sounder than any credit or paper money pumped into existence by government pressure or government fiat.

Putting Art in Its Place

If only the artists realized what we are going to do for them in the future, they would not fight against us, but with us. Art must not only be good but it must be popularly grounded. Only that art which draws its inspiration from the body of the people can be good art in the last analysis and mean something to the people for whom it has been created. There must be no art in the absolute sense, such as liberal democracy acknowledges. An attempt to serve such art would end in the people's losing all internal contact therewith and the artist's becoming isolated in a vacuum of art for art's sake. Art must be good, but beyond that, conscious of its responsibility, close to the people, and militant.

THIS illuminating statement of a general aesthetic system does not, as one might at first sight suppose, come from some zealous improver on Marxist theories, but from no less a person than the official press agent of Herr Hitler himself. It certainly sounds amazingly like the pronouncements one may discover in almost any issue of our own *New Masses,* and the resemblance is no mere accident, for however different the aims of the two parties may be there is something essentially similar in their states of mind. All dogmatic dictatorships resemble one another in their inevitable tendency to an absurd simplification of every issue; all ruthlessly divide the white from the black; and none, therefore, can escape from the logical necessity of persecuting somebody and suppressing something. The banned book is the comic analogue of the tragic execution, and when absolute right is given absolute power, the scaffold must go up. Conservatives may be hung in one place and radicals in another, but the two processes are not really opposites. In either case an atmosphere of ferocity is generated, and atmosphere is more important than some will admit. It determines whether or not thought shall proceed with that freedom which alone can make it valuable, and it determines also the spirit in which individuals live. Art cannot flourish and life cannot be gracious if existence itself is dependent on an agreement with the dogma at the moment triumphant, and if half the population must tremble every time the other half changes its mind. Theology and politics used both to be games played for heads, and they are rapidly becoming that again.

In Russia aesthetic intolerance has been considerably relaxed, but Hitler is a new broom and, indeed, proceeds upon assumptions more ridiculously simple than any the Soviet government ever thought of adopting. But absurdity may safely go on from height to height or from depth to depth in a land where no one dares to laugh. Through the mouth of the ever-ready Goebbels, Hitler can announce that "true artists are rare" and that they will, therefore, "be fostered and supported." But no one can question his instantaneous and intuitive knowledge of who is and who is not a "true artist," when his power is so great that the Propyläen Verlag (Jewish owned, by the way) hastens to announce: "The well-known comments of L. Feuchtwanger in an English paper give us reason to discontinue the sale of those of his books which we published—'Josephus' and 'Three Anglo-Saxon Plays.'"

There is no doubt that a new spirit is abroad. There is no doubt that things have been done in Russia and Italy and Germany which involve a frank return to principles which, before the war, were commonly believed to have been abandoned forever. Some profess to find therein a sign of hope, a welcome collapse of those liberal principles which stood between the world and a frank realization of essential conflicts which must be settled at last. But we are free to doubt whether the world has not, so far at least, lost more than it has gained from the fact that several great countries have renounced those once commonly accepted principles of what was and was not a legitimate method of dealing with dissenting minorities. The conflict may be on at last, but there is no use denying that it has brought with it the savageries of war and that thought as well as human happiness is bound to suffer as terribly as it always does when "all is fair."

Certainly it is difficult for anyone who takes the intellectual life of the world seriously to rejoice when he sees thinkers and artists denied that right which the nineteenth century had gradually and tacitly granted them—the right to venture and suggest. Indeed, it is only because they were allowed to do so that the new ideas upon which the dictators depend were able to grow. The new theory, announced by each separate absolutist, is that truth has been discovered at last, and that therefore criticism, speculation, and question have come to their end.

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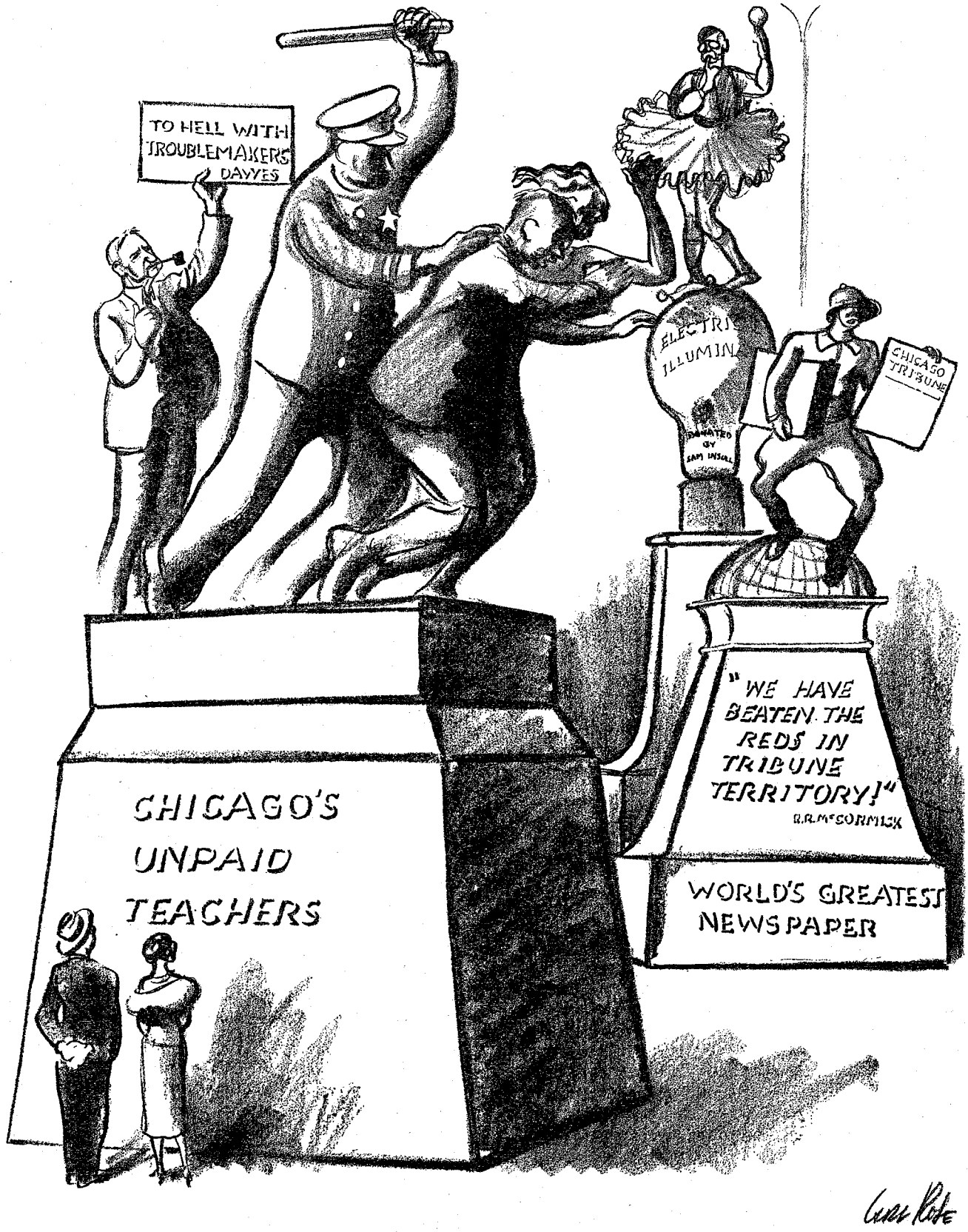
TO HELL WITH TROUBLEMAKERS DAWES
CHICAGO'S UNPAID TEACHERS
"WE HAVE BEATEN THE REDS IN TRIBUNE TERRITORY!" R.R. McCORMICK
WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Proposed Statuary for the "Century of Progress" Exposition

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The White House Mysteries

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 29

THE signs and portents say that wonders are about to begin in this vicinity, but Comrade Roosevelt certainly moves in mysterious ways to perform them. Indeed, mystery is fast becoming the prevailing note of this Administration. It is not the sullen, furtive, hostile concealment which characterized the preceding Administration. On the contrary, the Roosevelt mysteries radiate the enchanted hopes and anticipations which attend the hanging of stockings on Christmas Eve. Consider, for example, the inflation measure. A more mysterious document was never struck off at a given time by the hand and brain of man. It authorizes the President to expand the currency in half a dozen different ways, but does not require him to use any of them. On the one hand we have the spokesmen for intrenched wealth tearing their hair and bawling to high heaven that the dollar is going the way of the old German mark. On the other we have the Honorable Joe Robinson assuring a convention of newspaper publishers that nothing radical is contemplated. The author of the measure staggers us with the bland assertion that it will transfer two hundred billion dollars of wealth from the "creditor class" to the "debtor class," while an equally ardent advocate announces that the principal object is merely to supply President Roosevelt with a talking point in the forthcoming world economic conference. Pay your money and take your choice. Or don't pay. It is utterly impossible for a mere reporter to predict the results of this measure, because nobody except Mr. Roosevelt knows to what extent he will avail himself of its provisions—and I very seriously doubt that he does. That the dollar should be devaluated for the purpose of increasing commodity prices has become pretty obvious. But how it is to be done, and to what degree, is still a mystery. I do not see how this uncertainty can fail to have a bad effect. All the most eminent soothsayers have repeatedly told us that a return of confidence is essential to the revival of business. How confidence can be restored by keeping the whole country in a state of suspense over the future value of the national currency baffles me. The wiser course would have been definitely to fix a lower gold content for the dollar. One thing, however, makes me feel instinctively that the measure on the whole must be a good one—the fact that Mellon, Mills, and Reed opposed it so violently. Three of that kind can't be right.

* * * * *

ONE aspect of this whole business fills me with what is no doubt a highly immoral satisfaction. For more than ten years the bankers, the chambers of commerce, and a large section of the press have been whooping their heads off for a dictatorship. Now they have one, and before it is two months old they are squealing like a pig with its tail caught in a crack. I was unable to repress an impolite guffaw when Dave Reed implored the Senate in accents wild not to abandon its prerogatives by giving the President the blanket powers conferred by the inflation bill. This was the same Reed who stood on the Senate floor a year ago and said: "What this country needs is a Mussolini." I suppose he didn't have Roosevelt in mind at the time. Nor could I refrain from a malicious and perhaps unprofessional chuckle over the shrieks which my brethren of the fourth estate let out when it was discovered that the State Department had submitted, *and the House had actually passed,* a bill under which the Secretary of State could have suppressed every newspaper, book, and other publication in the country for disclosing "official secrets." Fortunately for them, the Senate, which still clings to the antiquated custom of reading bills before voting on them, discovered the horrendous joker before it was too late. I am not unpatriotic enough to fancy a dictatorship, or idiotic enough to believe that it is a good thing for the country. But I am human enough to take a wicked satisfaction in the moans of pain now going up from the crooks and imbeciles who always wanted Congress to "go home and let the President run the country." Perhaps if they get their bellies sufficiently full of it this time we shall hear less of such nonsense after the country returns to a constitutional basis. It is a very timely lesson, and the rest of us may well thank God that the crisis which precipitated the Presidential dictatorship contrived at the same time to put a very decent gentleman in the White House. Think of having Hoover for a king! It would be precisely like living in a penitentiary—in fact, a good many of us probably would be living in penitentiaries by now.

* * * * *

IT has seemed obvious for a long time that a large federal works program was needed to "prime the pump" if we were to start toward industrial recovery. Even the parrots in the pet shops have been saying for months that purchasing power must be stimulated—perhaps that is where the bankers heard about it. Roosevelt's hesitation in this matter has been the most discouraging aspect of his Administration. As readers of this page are aware, there has been dissension in the Cabinet on the subject, Secretaries Ickes, Perkins, Wallace, and Dern advocating such a program and the others actively opposing it or expressing indifference. To the majority influence was added that of Budget Director Douglas, the great balancer and economizer. However, a very significant and heartening development has occurred. The President has named four members of his Cabinet as a committee to devise a public-works program—and they are Secretaries Ickes, Perkins, Wallace, and Dern. If this action means what it would seem to mean, the President has finally decided, and decided right. It is high time. The results of successive deflationary steps since March 4 have already been felt in increased unemployment and diminished purchasing power, beer and the stock market to the contrary notwithstanding. To fill out a program will be easy enough. In fact, projects sufficient to consume not less than $10,000,000,000 are already in the blueprint stage. The real problem will be one of elimination. Meantime, the Black thirty-hour-week bill, expanded, fortified, elaborated, and clarified

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by Miss Perkins, as foretold in this place two weeks ago, has been making steady progress in the House, in the face of opposition from the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Manufacturers Association, and Bill Green and Matt Woll of the American Federation of Labor. What a combination! An intelligent labor leader assures me earnestly that Messrs. Green and Woll are not really dishonest; that they just don't know any better. It is perfectly plain to a mental adult that the bill, if upheld in the courts, would result in an enormous increase in labor-union membership, a very decided rise in the average wage, and a tremendous reduction in the number of unemployed. Woll's puerile argument for an embargo on foreign goods and Green's plaintive fears that fixed minimum wages might prove to be actual maximum wages are sufficient to explain why the American Federation of Labor continues to decline throughout the country in membership, influence, and public esteem.

IT would give me profound pleasure to report in detail the results of the conversation between Roosevelt and MacDonald and Roosevelt and Herriot, but I am unacquainted with them except in a general way. However, it is clear that Roosevelt and Hull are prepared to abandon the impossible policy of demanding full payment from debtor nations while maintaining tariff barriers which render them helpless to pay. Roosevelt is extraordinarily adroit in negotiations of the character which have been conducted here, and it is altogether unlikely that he has made any commitments such as the wily peasant, Laval, chiseled out of Hoover. On the contrary, when the world economic conference is held I think it will appear that the Administration has laid the groundwork for a shrewd bargain. French peasants and Scottish evangelists are not the only horse traders in the world. The squire of Hyde Park knows a thing or two. Anyone who doubts that may consult M. James J. Walker, of Cannes, France.

A $100,000,000 Tax Scandal

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, May 1

HAS the Department of Justice no intention whatever of digging into the various financial and similar scandals which are simply clamoring for investigation and prosecution? Does it mean to remain forever silent on the Insull, Kreuger, Lee Higginson, Dawes, Illinois Life, and other cases? Perhaps a guilty conscience is preventing it from taking appropriate action. Perhaps the knowledge that the department itself had a hand in one of these scandals is now proving embarrassing. I have reference to the foreign steamship case. In this case the Treasury was cheated out of more than $100,000,000. The scheme was so raw that even Harry M. Daugherty could not stomach it. But there were other government officials who could.

During the war many foreign steamship companies reaped fabulous profits in moving military supplies and other freight in and out of American ports. But when it came time to pay the war tax on this enormous income, more than a hundred of these companies balked. They filed income-tax returns for the years from 1916 to 1920 based on their own computations and their own interpretation of the Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918. The Bureau of Internal Revenue, however, ruled that the returns were in error. It declared that under its interpretation of the several revenue acts additional taxes running into scores of millions were due from the foreign companies. The bureau's interpretation was upheld in an opinion formally rendered by Acting Attorney-General Frierson on November 3, 1920. The Frierson opinion was based on a previous opinion handed down by Attorney-General Wickersham on March 9, 1910, which held that "foreign steamship companies engaged in the business of transporting passengers, goods, and merchandise between ports in the United States and foreign ports, and maintaining passenger and freight agencies in this country," were subject to the special excise tax then in force. Frierson held that there was no difference between this tax and the income tax laid down in the later revenue acts. The steamship companies were accordingly ordered to pay the additional taxes due the United States.

They refused to do so, though repeated efforts were made every year from 1920 to 1927 to collect these taxes. Attorney-General Daugherty was later asked to render another formal opinion in the controversy. On January 21, 1924, he declared that "after a full consideration it is my opinion that the former opinion of the Attorney-General is a current and true interpretation of the Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918, with respect to the net income received from all sources within the United States by every foreign corporation and, *in particular, by foreign steamship corporations.*" Daugherty went out of his way to indicate to the steamship companies that their scheme to defraud the United States government was too much for him.

Several test cases were taken into the courts, but the steamship companies lost at every turn. Even the Supreme Court refused to review one of these cases upon the appeal of the foreign corporations. And when the Bureau of Internal Revenue won the Birkin case before the United States Board of Tax Appeals in November, 1926, the steamship companies knew that they could no longer hope for judicial support for their scheme. But this did not disturb them. They turned to other quarters for help, and the help was promptly forthcoming.

Some time between November 9, 1926, when the Birkin case was decided, and July 7, 1927, when the Department of Justice overrode the previous opinions of Wickersham, Frierson, and Daugherty, certain negotiations the details of which have not yet been disclosed were held between the foreign steamship companies and various government officials. As a result of these negotiations the Department of Justice on July 7 addressed the following opinion to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon:

> SIR: Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of July 1, relating to opinions of the Attorney-General rendered November 3, 1920, . . . and January 21, 1924, . . . in so far as

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they deal with the income-tax liability of foreign steamship companies under revenue acts prior to 1921. I am advised by the general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, in a letter written by him July 1, 1927, that the conclusions reached in the opinions referred to *have never been acquiesced in by the foreign steamship companies.*

It appears that the returns of seventy-two companies are now pending in the bureau awaiting the determination of the proper method of computing tax liability for the years prior to 1921, and that five such cases are pending before the Board of Tax Appeals and thirty-five other cases are pending in the courts.

In a few instances steamship companies have paid taxes as computed by the bureau, but these were cases where the taxes resulting from the difference in the methods of computation were so small as not to justify resistance by the taxpayers.

In short, the matter rests practically where it did before the two opinions referred to were rendered. The questions involved are difficult, and there is room for difference of opinion about them, and *the outcome of litigation is doubtful;* but the opinions referred to *stand in the way of your dealing with these cases* in the exercise of authority granted to you by law and in a way to serve the best interests of the United States. The questions do not arise under the Revenue Act of 1921 or any later revenue act. Under all the circumstances you should be free to deal with the cases as the conditions seem to require; and in order that you may do so, the opinions referred to are hereby withdrawn.

This document was prepared in the office of Solicitor-General William D. Mitchell. It is worth close study. First, it sets aside not only the opinions of Frierson and Daugherty, but by implication also the decision of the Board of Tax Appeals and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. On what grounds? Simply that "the opinions referred to have never been acquiesced in by the foreign steamship companies"! Imagine a court being unable to enforce its orders because a defendant refuses to acquiesce in its verdict! Secondly, the new opinion held that "the outcome of litigation is doubtful." In other words, the foreign companies might lose in the courts, as they had already lost, and therefore it was necessary to help them by extra-judicial means. Thirdly, the opinion declared that the previous opinions "stand in the way of your dealing with these cases." Therefore the Department of Justice kindly expunged them. Has there ever been a more brazen transaction in the annals of American government?

This whole matter was gone into by Representative McFadden of Pennsylvania in a sensational speech made on the floor of the House on June 4 of last year. But not a line, not a word of his speech appeared in the newspapers. It has now been made the subject of a relator's suit brought by David A. Olson in the District of Columbia Supreme Court. Olson was formerly employed by Price, Waterhouse and Company, a British accounting firm which has handled income-tax audits for the foreign steamship companies concerned.

The suit was brought against Andrew W. Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury; David H. Blair, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Alexander W. Gregg, former general counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue; Ogden L. Mills, former Undersecretary and Secretary of the Treasury; and Arthur A. Ballantine, who is now Undersecretary of the Treasury. Charles A. Russell, who was ousted for the Hoover Administration from his post as solicitor for the Federal Power Commission because he had incurred the displeasure of the power trust, is acting as counsel for Olson in the suit.

The bill of complaint carries the story forward in the following words:

> . . . during the latter part of June, 1927, the said Andrew W. Mellon in pursuance of said plans and schemes, directed the defendant, Alexander W. Gregg, to enter into negotiations with the said representatives and attorneys of said steamship companies with the end in view of carrying said plans and schemes into effect, which would relieve the said steamship companies from the payment of said taxes so levied and assessed, and the said Alexander W. Gregg immediately thereafter had negotiations and conferences with the said steamship companies for the purpose of carrying out the said plans and schemes of the said Andrew W. Mellon.
>
> . . . thereafter, and on or about the 8th day of July, 1927, and in pursuance of the said plan and scheme of Andrew W. Mellon, the defendants, David H. Blair and Alexander W. Gregg, had conferences and negotiations with said steamship companies and agreed with the said steamship companies that said steamship companies should make and prepare a return in accordance with Treasury Decision 3387, promulgated by the Bureau of Internal Revenue under the Revenue Act of 1921, which revenue act was not retroactive in any manner, but by its provisions set up a method of determining income taxes that varied from the provisions of the Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 in that its enforcement would reduce the amount of taxes below that determined under the said Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 and below and less than determined previously by the companies themselves, notwithstanding the fact that the said 1921 Revenue Act by its provisions specifically provided that the said Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 should remain in full force and effect for the collection of all income taxes due for the years 1916 to 1920 inclusive. . . .

In another paragraph the bill declares that "by virtue of the illegal, wrongful, and wilful acts of the defendants, the United States of America was defrauded in the amount of approximately one hundred million dollars."

These facts touch only the high spots of a scandal which, if fully and ruthlessly exposed, may put even Teapot Dome to blush. There is certain other information available which can only be made public through the courts. But Congress is not only authorized but morally obligated to look into still another aspect of this case. Even while these foreign companies were withholding tax payments legally due the United States, the Treasury Department was making tax rebates to them on subsequent payments! These rebates run into the tens of millions of dollars.

On the basis of the Olson suit Senator Wheeler of Montana has introduced a resolution requesting the Attorney-General to investigate the steamship tax scandal "with a view to bringing both civil and criminal prosecutions in the event he finds there have been violations as alleged in the proceedings on file in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia." Representative McFadden intends to press for a similar investigation in the House of Representatives. All the facts in this case have been before the Department of Justice for two months. But as yet the department has not seen fit to take action of any kind.

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A Pyramid of Profit

The Associated Gas and Electric System

By RUTH FINNEY

A STRANGE reticence has overtaken the public-utility industry, strange, that is, in contrast with its former ardent appetite for attention. It is less remarkable when its practical results are considered. When the industry was maintaining an elaborate country-wide organization to get utility news before the public, its self-praise, for lack of evidence to the contrary, was generally accepted at its face value. Now publications are free to print facts about gas and electric utilities whose accuracy is guaranteed by the Federal Trade Commission. And such is the nature of the facts that the energy once devoted to propaganda is devoted now to keeping them obscure.

If utility lawyers went to court to try to stop the Federal Trade Commission, as the Electric Bond and Share Company did once, that would be news and the papers would print it. If they challenged the figures or conclusions of the commission's accountants that would be news. So expensive lawyers sit in silence at the commission hearings protesting not at all against what is said about their clients, and the hearings are therefore extremely dull.

The Associated Gas and Electric system has been one of the principal beneficiaries of this policy of silence. The Trade Commission's findings concerning it compose the most remarkable record so far disclosed, yet few if any of its 1,425,000 customers and 104,000 holders of common stock have been enlightened. J. I. Mange and H. C. Hopson control the entire $900,000,000 system of properties extending from Nova Scotia to Florida and from Cape Cod to the Philippines, including twenty-six States of the Union. They gained control by an investment of $298,318 in the Associated Securities Company, and on that investment they netted a return of 164 per cent in 1929. Investment of another $10,000 in a two-man trust association, the apex of their vast structure, secured them the assurance that control can never pass from their hands and that no one else shall share their ultimate profits. On this investment the two men netted 265 per cent in 1929. The names of Mange and Hopson, unlike those of Insull and Young, have never been household words. Mange, a practical operator of electric companies, has been part of the Associated system since its beginning in 1906. Hopson is an accountant who graduated from the pay rolls of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Public Service Commission of New York.

The Associated system is a perfect example of the sort of intercorporate complexities which even utility men have ceased to defend—since Samuel Insull's complexity collapsed. Associated Gas and Electric Properties is at the top. This is the trust owned exclusively by Hopson and Mange. It owns all the stock of the Associated Securities Corporation, which owns all the stock of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. The Associated Gas and Electric Company owns:

1. Associated Utilities Investing Corporation, which owns seven holding companies, all of which own operating and servicing companies.

2. Associated Properties, Inc., which owns Associated Electric Company, which owns six holding companies, all of which own operating companies, and some operating companies of its own.

3. Associated General Electric Corporation, which owns W. S. Barstow and Company, Barstow Securities Corporation, and General Gas and Electric Corporation, which owns operating companies.

Beginning again at the top of the structure, Associated Gas and Electric Properties owns Manson Securities Trust, which owns New England Gas and Electric Association, which owns operating companies. It owns Associated Electric Companies, which owns operating companies, and also Associated Electric Properties, which owns both operating companies and a sub-holding company which owns operating companies. It owns Transit Securities Associates and Railway and Bus Associates, which own a network of transportation companies. It owns three more trusts and companies.

In some cases six holding companies intervene between an operating company serving the public and the topmost trust where Mange and Hopson sit in joint remunerative control. The system earned $50,282,036 net in 1929. The money came from rate-payers in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and down the coast to Florida; from consumers in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and southward to Louisiana; and from others westward from Texas to Arizona.

To investors, "write-ups"—unaccountable appreciations in book values of the system—are of most immediate concern. The Trade Commission found that $33,362,152 has been added in this manner to book values of the Associated Gas and Electric Company alone. Other write-ups occur in the books of the numerous sub-holding companies. For example, Pennsylvania Electric Company books show a $17,000,000 write-up, an amount equal to one-third the entire ledger value of the company's assets at the close of 1929. A transaction which took place years ago between companies in the Associated system illustrates how values are inflated overnight. H. D. Walbridge and Company owned certain securities carried on its books at $10,176,636. It sold them to its subsidiary, the old Pennsylvania Electric Corporation, which then entered them on its books at $20,919,750 valuation.

Constant calling and substitution of stocks within the Associated system also makes the condition of the investor uncertain. Investors who put their money into the Binghamton Light, Heat, and Power Company, an operating utility, found themselves a little later with nothing to show for it but Associated Gas and Electric Company debentures. The company had been merged with the New York State Electric and Gas Corporation, and Associated debentures were traded for the assets of the operating company.

So complicated are the stock, bond, and dividend transactions in the system that occasionally securities have been issued without the authority of the directors supposed to have

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issued them. On two occasions, the Trade Commission discloses, the board of the Associated Gas and Electric Company has passed retroactive resolutions ratifying various issues. As securities are issued in the system, it has been the practice to sell them for $35 to the Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, which resells them to the public at the market price, usually about $65 in normal years. As a result of this practice the Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company paid a dividend of $22,540,285 to the Associated Utilities Investing Corporation in 1929 and in the same month this second company paid a $21,000,000 dividend to the Associated Gas and Electric Company.

But it is in the intercompany fee system of Associated that the juiciest figures are found, the figures of most immediate concern to the rate-payers—the consumers of electricity and gas. Fees are the simplest and most general method employed to defeat State regulation of rates. Large fees paid by operating companies for management services, financial services, construction services, purchasing services, all go into operating expenses and thus into the rate base. The companies which receive them are not regulated.

Five servicing companies, all owned by the Associated Gas and Electric Company, compete with each other in collecting fees in the Associated system, and in addition Associated Gas and Electric has been collecting fees itself and permitting another subsidiary to do so without making even a pretense of giving services. Apparently this last practice has been discontinued, but in six years $9,970,944 was collected by Associated companies from Associated companies in the form of fees. Theoretically these paid for services costing $3,397,204 to render. The net profit was $6,573,739. But that is not all. So lucrative was the fee-collecting business that companies in the system bid for the right to it, and in the space of three recent years fee-collecting rights were sold and resold to various Associated subsidiaries for amounts totaling $28,247,400. Associated Gas and Electric sold the privilege of collecting management fees from its operating utilities to the Utilities Management Corporation for $5,200,000. Utilities Management hired another subsidiary, the J. G. White Company, to do the work for which it was being paid, at $200,000 a year. It collected in nine months $751,212, of which $571,850 was net profit. It then sold J. G. White its fee-collecting rights for $8,000,000.

Another subsidiary, the Consumers' Construction Company, was willing to pay $5,000,000 for the right to fees. In 1928 the entire operating expenses of this company were $113,208, and in that year the Pennsylvania group of operating utilities alone paid fees amounting to $152,613. The Pennsylvania group could have hired the entire staff of engineers and clerks of the construction company, rented an office for them, paid all overhead, and still have been $80,000 in pocket if relieved of fees.

The Utilities Purchasing and Supply Company paid $3,700,000 for the privilege of purchasing for the Associated system and collecting fees. Most amazing of all is the action of the Associated Utilities Merchandising Company, which paid $5,900,000 for the right to engage in the appliance business with the operating companies and then made the operating companies pay all expenses of selling appliances while it collected the entire gross from them. It was, as the Trade Commission says, "a clever scheme for taking from the operating companies a normal and legitimate source of revenue," which would of course have reduced operating expenses and therefore rates.

To cap the climax, the Associated Gas and Electric Company, in addition to collecting fees directly and selling rights to other fees which it collects indirectly, until recently also apportioned all its expenses to its operating companies. The operating companies have been bearing the costs of services for which they pay fees far in excess of the costs. The public furnishes the money. There are other ways of inflating operating costs to the detriment of the rate-payer and the profit of the top companies. Take the Pennsylvania Electric Corporation division of the Associated system. All operating-company subsidiaries of Pennsylvania Electric Corporation deposit all cash they receive to the credit of the holding company. At the beginning of each month Pennsylvania Electric computes interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum on the open accounts maintained for the subsidiaries and charges this sum to the open account. The result amounts to a compounding of interest on accounts receivable. Operating companies would pay neither 8 per cent interest nor compound interest if they were free to get capital elsewhere.

Another account on the books of the operating companies labeled "federal income tax" helps to swell the amount of current expense which the rate-payer must bear. It is the practice in the Associated system for subsidiary companies to accrue federal income tax as an expense, crediting the amount to the open account maintained by their immediate holding company. The holding company computes a tax on the basis of the consolidated income of the group of which it is parent, charges the amount to its expenses, and credits it to the open account of the holding company next above it. But the senior company of this system, Associated Gas and Electric, paid no federal income tax to the government for the years 1927, 1928, and 1929. The public paid rates sufficient to cover a charge which any utility commission would have to allow, and the money went into the pockets of the Associated owners instead of into the federal Treasury.

Write-ups, fees, 8 per cent compound interest on open accounts, income-tax accruals that never go for income tax—how much do they mean to the man who pays the bills? In Erie, Pennsylvania, served by the Erie Lighting Company, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Electric Company, which is a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Electric Corporation, which is a subsidiary of the Associated Electric Company, which is a subsidiary of the Associated Gas and Electric Corporation, which is a subsidiary of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, families pay 8.5 cents a kilowatt hour for the first 50 kilowatt hours of electricity used to light their homes, 4 cents for the next 2,950 kilowatt hours, and 3 cents for all in excess of this amount.

A few miles down the lake front is Ashtabula, Ohio, where electric service is supplied by the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, part of the North American system, a company which has had to meet the competition of a municipal plant in Cleveland for many years and has done so on a profitable basis. Ashtabula families pay 5 cents a kilowatt hour for the first 40 kilowatt hours used, 4 cents for the next 200, and 2.8 cents for all thereafter. Trade Commission records should be even more illuminating to the people of Erie than the electric lights for which they pay so much.

(*This is the third of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The fourth will appear next week.*)

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Who Killed the German Republic?

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, April 15

NOW that the tornado of reaction has blown Hitler into port at last, it is time to turn back and see what the winds were and where they came from. One wind, of course, was the Treaty of Versailles. The French are being paid back for that treaty with a vengeance; although, on the other hand, many Frenchmen are cynically glad that Hitler is in power, because they think that in his four presumptive years of office he will weaken Germany, perhaps destroy it. Another wind was the German inflation, which ruined the lower middle class, the petty bourgeoisie, and caused it to seize upon the extravagant promises of Hitler. Another was the world economic crisis. Hard times bred both the violence of the Nazis and the dumb apathy of their opponents. Another was the German republic itself, because the republic never very thoroughly wanted to be a republic. Another was an innately hysterical element in German character. And so on.

The author of this article recognizes these fundamental issues but he wishes to write on a lower plane. He would like, for a page or two, to deal in gossip. A series of the oddest personal intrigues imaginable set the stage for Hitler, because they undermined the constitutional fabric of the Reich and produced a camarilla which for a year at least really ruled Germany. The importance of personality in politics is often underestimated by newly Marxist writers. You cannot treat a country exclusively as an economic field trip. It is just possible that a toothache in the blue jaw of Comrade Stalin may have as much importance for Russia as a sheaf of statistics for the next Five-Year Plan. An inveterate and mysterious personal antipathy between, say, two members of a British cabinet, may cause its resignation. Tolstoy denied the importance of personality in the famous passage dealing with Napoleon's cold in the head at Borodino. But would he have denied that Brüning's perhaps irrational dislike of Hitler first moved him to that system of rule by decree whereby the republic eventually tottered? A great number of personal imponderables have contributed to the mess in Germany. Personal accidents of the most fortuitous kind have helped to write the swooping arrow, Brüning-Papen-Schleicher-Hitler.

One point worth discussion is certainly the state of health and temperament of that forgotten man, Hindenburg. This is a delicate topic but there is no use blinking the fact that extremely few men in their eighty-sixth year are perfectly normal, mentally and emotionally. They say that Hindenburg is "all right" until about the middle of the morning, and that those rare personages who get him at breakfast—or even earlier—can do something with him. This was the great strength of Papen. Few people would go so far as to say that Hindenburg is actually senile; but everyone will admit that he is very, very old. And Berlin, a rather cruel city, has developed a positive saga of stories at the Old Man's expense. Most of them are of course apocryphal, like those fantastic but terribly amusing tales that helped waft Franz Josef to the grave. One of the Hindenburg stories describes him turning in puzzled recollection to his son Oskar and exclaiming, "Where *has* that chap with glasses [Brüning] gone to?" Another has him confusing Brüning and Schleicher when Schleicher was dismissed. Another describes an audience he gave to General von Hammerstein, the head of the Reichswehr: the General had some pretty important politics on his mind but Hindenburg began and ended the interview by shouting, "Herr General, I was not satisfied with the autumn maneuvers!" Still another has him carefully unhinging his knees to sit down after four hours on his feet watching the great parade of Nazi storm-troops saluting him on the evening Hitler became Chancellor. Hindenburg says to Oskar, "Son, I did not know we had captured quite so many Russian prisoners." Another story, which may be true, says that the Old Man broke down and wept, that same evening, realizing that he had made a ghastly, terrible mistake. He had.

In the pre-Hitler days, with parliament seldom meeting, the highest constitutional power in the country was the person of the aging President. Thus the embarrassing question, exactly to what degree his great age had made inroads on his brain and character, became of tremendous importance. Hindenburg himself apparently realized he was no longer young and vigorous. The story goes, at any rate, that he appealed to his state secretary, Dr. Meissner, to "protect" him, to keep him from breaking his oath. Little by little, however, Meissner's influence diminished, as the Old Man, adrift in a maelstrom of grave and puzzling crises, unable thoroughly to trust anyone, turned inevitably to the one person so close to him that the question of trust did not arise—flesh of his own flesh, Oskar, his son.

Oskar is no spring chicken. A heavy-set officer in the middle fifties, he had friends, military friends. Schleicher, for instance, was a fellow-officer in his regiment, the Third Potsdamer Foot Guards. Gradually, with Oskar and Schleicher as leading spirits, a palace camarilla arose. Some members were youngish officers, like the former Minister Treviranus; others were ancient and decrepit Junkers like Oldenburg-Januschau. The chief business of the camarilla came naturally to be the "protection" of the old President. Pretty soon he was isolated from other contacts.

If I had been writing this article six weeks ago, before the burning of the Reichstag, I should have entitled it Government by Dictaphone. For the dictaphone spirit dominated Germany. No well-ordered thumb on any hand knew what the fingers were doing. There was a palace camp, an army camp, a Nazi camp, with quick, subtle, and fluid shifts in balance of power between them. Even before, in the Brüning days, government by intrigue was beginning. Brüning used to amuse visitors by pointing up the fireplace and showing them Schleicher's dictaphone there, so at least the story goes. The big boys in politics were like a set of Borgias in, say, modern Guatemala.

Brüning hates Hitler, but he begat him. This, in a way, is the first point to seize in tracing, through the confusion of many personal accidents, Hitler's growth to power.

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For Brüning, with the best intentions in the world, destroyed the constitution. It is a sad irony that this most enlightened, sensitive, and civilized archetype of the modern statesman should have set in motion the processes that eventually let loose jackals like Göring's men in the Berlin streets.

Brüning, as we all know, dissolved the Reichstag in the summer of 1930 and began to govern Germany by decree. He was not the first to do so. Decrees began under Ebert. But Brüning signed them wholesale. He thus founded a system of double government, for the Reichstag, slowly drawing the razor across its own throat, permitted him decrees even while it was sitting. This was because the Socialists could not openly support his unpopular—but necessary—deflationary measures. Brüning reaped the inevitable harvest; he became responsible not to the will of the Reichstag but to the whim of the President. Once Hindenburg withdrew confidence in him, he was doomed, because he had inadvertently destroyed the authority of the body to which he should have been responsible. This set a precedent for future chancellors. They were to be henceforth no more than the creatures of Hindenburg. "Presidential" Germany had begun.

The stage thus set, Brüning was easy to get rid of. He had gravely weakened his position by his bold dissolution of the Brown Shirts. He had, moreover, mortally offended and terrified the Junkers by planning partition of some of their bankrupt estates. The palace clique shipped old Hindenburg out to Neudeck, in East Prussia, where he was thoroughly isolated. Schleicher in Berlin and Oskar in Neudeck were in secret communication. At Neudeck a troop of whisperers came to Hindenburg, telling him that Brüning was an "agrarian Bolshevik." The Old Man, impressed and alarmed, returned to Berlin and threw Brüning out like a gnawed bone.

One has to foreshorten the story greatly, and perhaps dangerously oversimplify it. Schleicher, who was later to be so disastrously out-Schleichered, was the coming man. He had been a power ever since 1923, when he was Von Seeckt's executive officer. Later he broke with Von Seeckt. In 1929 he created for himself the post of politico-military secretary of state in the Ministry of Defense. He "made" his ostensible superior, General Groener. He broke Groener. And he began to dabble in political as well as army matters, becoming, in fact, a sort of "indispensable link between the army and political life." He was, for instance, the discoverer of Brüning, whom later he destroyed. His power was based partly on his great gifts of character, partly on the fact that the army—as Germany drifted seemingly toward chaos—was coming to dominate the situation, and Schleicher (then) dominated the army.

But it was not Schleicher but Papen who on June 1, 1932, became Chancellor of the Reich. No mystery to this, although Papen was an unknown man and Berlin was stupefied. Papen had been picked by Schleicher for the job; he was a "front" for him, someone to put out his chin, as I heard it expressed, on Schleicher's behalf. And then an amazing thing happened. Old Hindenburg, who had hardly known Papen before, fell in love with him. A Junker, an officer and a gentleman, a member of the Herrenklub, an awfully nice fellow, suave, quick-witted, and very charming, Papen became the White-haired Boy. He got almost as close to the Old Man as Oskar. He had breakfast with them like a member of the family. He strode in and out of the palace as he pleased, although to others the Old Man was more and more inaccessible. And Papen's charm was buttressed by other considerations. Oskar, for instance, was supposed to be getting jealous of Schleicher's importance in the camarilla, and saw Papen as a counter-Schleicher pawn.

Papen had to go, despite his popularity in the palace, because he was so fantastically unpopular in the country. Germany was still theoretically a republic, and Papen, on assuming the chancellorship, had to call an election. He waited till the last possible day, July 31, and was overwhelmingly beaten. It was at this election that the Nazis reached their then top—13,700,000 votes. Papen dissolved the Reichstag after having been beaten by 512 votes to 42. The Nazis tried to prevent the dissolution. Papen had to call another election, and again, November 6, he took a terrific beating. The people were fed up with balloting—this was the fifth major election of the year—and the Nazis dropped 2,000,000 votes. Papen's first Reichstag sat exactly eleven days; his second exactly three. But this procedure—election, repudiation, dissolution—obviously could not go on forever, even in Germany. The Nazis, sore, went so far as to join the Communists in a Berlin traffic strike. This scared both the army and the palace. So Papen went.

Schleicher was pushed into the chancellorship himself, on December 3. He took the job only after a fortnight of hesitation and negotiation; he would have much preferred to continue to rule from behind the scenes. But there was no one else. The camarilla was running out of men. Schleicher lasted less than two months. It may shock people to hear it; but he gave promise of being one of the best chancellors Germany ever had. He was friendly with labor; he announced himself as neither capitalist nor Socialist. Believing in a strong, moderate Germany, he took a strong, moderate course. And thus he came to commit unforgivable sins. To wit: he flirted with the trade unions; he permitted the Osthilfe scandals to come out; he took up Brüning's scheme for colonizing Junker estates. Also, he was too confident, and too clever by half. He aroused distrust, and Hindenburg is said to have turned on him gruffly once, barking, "When, Herr General, are you going to lead the army against *me*?"

Then, too, Schleicher was turned out by the same thing that, fundamentally, had beaten both Brüning and Papen—failure to make terms with the Nazis. Hindenburg had contemptuously refused supreme power to Hitler in August, dismissing him with words which, I fear, cannot be reproduced in this article. But it remained utterly impossible to ignore the pressure of the Nazi movement. The Nazis could not be suppressed. They could not be given carte blanche. They had, as a compromise, to be seduced into the government somehow, or they would destroy Germany. Yet Hitler, angry at his first rebuff, refused steadfastly to enter any coalition except on prohibitive terms. Something had to be given Hitler—but what?

Even so, Schleicher would not have been so easy to dismiss except for a final obscure, opaque intrigue. The details hardly matter. The suicide of the parliament, the incompetence of the President, and the irresponsibility of the camarilla combined to make way for what was, in effect, a revolution from inside, a coup d'etat unlike any other in modern history, wherein persons sworn to fidelity to the republic themselves sabotaged it.

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Papen, Schleicher's creature, went Frankenstein. This was the first step. Having tasted glory, Papen was eager for more. Partyless (he had been expelled from the Center), he joined the Hugenberg Nationalists to revive the White-Black-Red front. He then met Hitler at Cologne in circumstances of the utmost secrecy and opened negotiations with him. This was the second step. The thing to do was to bluff or scare Hitler into some sort of compromise, to enlarge the Nationalist camp by getting in the Nazis. It was not a bad moment to approach Hitler. He had, after all, lost 2,000,000 votes, and Gregor Strasser's defection—even though Strasser was squashed like a bedbug—had worried him.

Schleicher seems to have been bothered more by the machinations of Papen-Hugenberg than by Hitler. At any rate he is believed to have taken seriously rumors of a Papen-Hugenberg coup d'etat which would be the forerunner of a monarchist restoration. Schleicher, although on *du-Fuss* with the ex-Crown Prince, was not a monarchist. He was emphatically against a Hohenzollern restoration because he feared it would divide and weaken Germany.

The Hitler forces were summoning new strength. "Hitler rightly regarded Schleicher as the last hurdle between himself and power." Worried, Schleicher called a secret meeting in the Reichswehr ministry. It is said that creation of a military dictatorship was discussed, with the arrest of Papen, Hugenberg, and Oskar. Received by the Old Man, Schleicher cautiously informed him that the situation was serious, that the Reichswehr might have to go into the streets against the Nazis. Schleicher's threat was probably a bluff. He wanted to frighten Papen and Hugenberg. But the threat turned out all wrong.

For hearing that Schleicher planned to call out the army, Papen and Hitler met again. The situation had developed beautifully to Papen's hand. He was now in a position to say to Hitler, "If you don't join us now—on our terms—we are all sunk. Schleicher will set the army on both of us. We must make a coalition." Hitler agreed and accepted terms that hitherto had been impossible for him—three seats in the Cabinet as against Papen-Hugenberg's eight. Little did Papen know at the time that within a month his party and influence would be burned to death by the Reichstag fire. No one calculated on the enormous band-wagon magnetism the Nazis subsequently exerted.

Schleicher was victim of his own intrigue, for when Hitler and Hugenberg called at the palace and got Hindenburg out of bed, the Old Man remembered hazily that Schleicher, in a different connection, *had* threatened to call out the army. So he believed the story Hitler and Hugenberg told him—that Schleicher must be summarily dismissed because he plotted civil war. Hitler and Hugenberg presented Papen's plan for a Nazi-Nationalist government. The Old Man fell for it. The next day Schleicher, to his bewildered amazement, discovered himself out of office. The tornado of Nazi reaction had begun. Brüning, when he heard the story, is said to have told a friend that he had been treated badly enough, but "Schleicher . . . five times worse." So did democracy die in the Reich. So did Adolf Hitler, who had become a German citizen only a year before, find himself dictator of Germany.

How to Travel in Soviet Russia

By AMY S. JENNINGS

TRAVEL in Soviet Russia is not difficult, it is not dangerous, it is more than reasonably comfortable, it is always completely engrossing and different, and it is probably the most friendly sort of trip you could undertake. But you must know how to manage. A dear old lady of sixty-five made the grand tour with us, third or special class, last year, and came out as spry and cheerful as ever.

All travel in Russia is organized by Intourist (from *inostranski*—foreign and tourist). They buy all tickets, make all reservations in trains, hotels, steamers, theaters, and buses, and have an office in every city you will visit—unless you wish to go to very inaccessible places. They are not equipped to give de luxe American service such as you would get, say, at the Savoy-Plaza in New York, but neither do they charge for such a standard. You will, however, be both clean and comfortable. Intourist conducts a school in which it trains its own guides and agents, instructing them in Russian history, Soviet organization and law, foreign languages, and especially in the vagaries of foreigners, such as the necessity of providing baths for Americans, beer for Germans, and so on. These guides are selected not only for their ability to learn, but also for their personal charm and ability to act as social leaders for groups. You will find most of them to be very interesting and attractive young women without hats.

The Russian guide, however, is usually quite unable to guess or even to believe what the tourist wants to see. The marriage bureau, of course—museums, yes; but a house, an ordinary apartment house with ordinary people living in it—*that* house across the street? Oh no, that's nothing to interest tourists—it is impossible! But it proved possible, owing to an act of God and an efficient American group leader. For it began to rain and our leader suggested that though it was doubtless unconventional, surely the people in the apartment would permit us to come in out of the rain. They did; in fact, they were delighted to show us around, and so gave us a most valuable experience.

You can, of course, travel alone in Russia, first class, with a special guide. But Russia is organized collectively. A single individual is not important, unless he is a well-known diplomat, say, or a writer. A group has more weight. It becomes in fact a delegation—of pedagogues, doctors, students, or industrialists; and for such a group it is possible to arrange conferences with the manager of a big factory, with officials of the national commissariat for education, and similar leaders, who would be inaccessible to ordinary individuals. Almost more important than the group itself is the American group leader, who understands what will interest his compatriots, persuades the guides to show you these things, and knows how to get special permits from the G. P. U., which, far from being a band of terrorist police, is an extremely able and intelligent organization, always glad to help tourists. Russians are by nature artistic, and like a painter who does

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not want you to see the picture till it is completed, they find it hard to believe that anyone can appreciate an unfinished product. It takes time and patience to convince them that Americans, being constructivist rather than artistic by nature, would, if anything, prefer to see a project while it is still in the building stage. All this planning and persuasion of Intourist guides and G. P. U. your American group leader takes upon him or herself, while you are left free to absorb the perpetual rain of new sights and ideas.

There are several organizations which provide American group leaders and organize groups with or without special interests for travel in Russia. All these travel bureaus use the facilities of Intourist, but each adds valuable services of its own. Of these the most complete and extensive service is offered by Open Road. It has plans for fifteen Russian tours this summer. Some of these will have special interests, such as music, the theater festival, peace, photograph and kino, economics, or student life, while others will be survey trips, both along the regular routes and entirely off the beaten track—if one can speak of such a thing in Russia. The groups are usually limited to ten; the American leaders are all experienced, some of them being authorities in their field and all having personal contacts in Russia which greatly enhance the value of the trip. A real attempt is made to give individual service and see that each group member makes contacts in his special field. In comparing prices it must be borne in mind that the Open Road costs cover every reasonable travel expense, including all sight-seeing, and even occasional extras purchased from a group purse with which the Open Road provides each of its group leaders. A typical Open Road tour would be the eight weeks' trip, including thirty-one days of travel through the U. S. S. R., led by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Stewart of the Foreign Policy Association. The cost is $451, traveling third (special category). The Open Road caters in the main to what would be called in Russia the bourgeois intellectuals, that is, members of the professions, artists, and students.

The Pocono Study Tours have planned three groups for the summer, with American group leaders. They expect their members to be interested not only in sight-seeing and meeting people, but also in actual study. Lectures and organized discussion form part of the regular schedule, the special six weeks' seminar on Russia even including lessons in Russian conversation. As a matter of fact, it is invaluable both practically and philosophically to know a little Russian. If you can say "Tovarish, pozhalista" ("Comrade, please") and wave a piece of paper with an address on it under any good comrade's nose, he will put you on street cars, take you off, walk up to the door with you, ring the bell, wait until your friend appears, and very likely come in and eat with you. The Pocono Study Tours, by virtue of their educational features, are able to secure especially low railway rates and are thus able to offer a ten weeks' tour including England, Austria, and Paris, as well as a month in Leningrad and Moscow, with all lectures and tuition for $463. It provides third-class travel throughout, and of course it caters in the main to students, both old and young.

World Tourists is the oldest of all the Russian travel bureaus, and through its close contact with Intourist secures excellent care for its patrons, but does not provide American group leaders. This is a financial saving, but if you can possibly manage the extra cost you will find it well worth while to pay for a group leader, especially the first time you go to Russia. The World Tourists rate for an eight weeks' trip, including a thirty-one-day tour through Russia, is $330. Travel is third class; the bureau caters primarily to radical groups and workers.

The Amalgamated Bank tours are for very large groups. They include group leaders and provide usually for a five-day stay in Russia, though longer trips may be arranged. Often the members wish to stay after the tour and visit relatives, and this is arranged for them. Because of their size these groups can secure special rates, but they cannot of course make the informal contacts of smaller groups. The cost of the entire trip including five days in Russia is as low as $180. Travel is third category. Amalgamated caters in the main to small business and professional people, a large group of doctors being planned for this summer.

Friendship Tours organize groups of ten, each headed by a chairman. They are not interested in sight-seers, wanting only travelers with serious interests, to whom they offer short intensive trips, often combined with lectures and discussion. A trip of about six weeks, including twenty days in the U. S. S. R. and return to New York, costs $335. Friendship Tours cater mainly to students, both old and young. Their sponsoring committee includes Professor George S. Counts, Professor Harry F. Ward, and Professor Goodwin Watson.

Union Tours offer trips to Russia by way of Odessa. The groups are small and are open to any individual. Complete round trips, including thirty days in Russia, cost from $243.50 to $385, according to the class of travel desired. These prices include all expenses.

There are three categories of travel in Russia: first class, tourist, and special. In visiting Russia one buys so many days' service from Intourist in one of the three categories. First class is about $15 a day, tourist $8, and special $5. The service includes railroad fares, however far you go in Russia, hotels, meals, admission to exhibitions, museums, and the like, and half a day's guide and transportation service for sight-seeing. The rest of the day the traveler is left free to go where he pleases.

Going into detail, special category means third class on railways, second on steamers, three meals, sleeping in dormitories or hotels, sight-seeing by bus, transportation of seventy pounds of baggage, guides, and visa—which, interpreted once more, means: Hotels are clean and the beds are comfortable throughout Russia. Typical "special" accommodations in Leningrad would be a suite for four men or women consisting of an entrance hall; a sitting-room with a Louis XVI set of sofa and chairs in white and gilt and tapestry, an old-fashioned leather-topped desk, telephone, and rag rug; a large sleeping alcove with two large brass beds and two iron cots—all clean with good springs—bureau, and closet; and a large bathroom with tiled or red cement floor and the usual bathroom fixtures, the hot water often cold of course. Anyhow, one gets a bath, the beds are comfortable, and the rooms large and light. Tourist category might provide the identical suite but with two beds instead of four. First category would offer a single room in a more modern hotel. If you go off into the little mountain villages, you take what you get. It might be a dormitory in what was once a count's summer residence—cots with hay-filled mattresses, washing arrangements like those in American summer camps for children.

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As to meals, breakfast in special category, served between nine and ten, consists of meat or eggs (eggs in the plural—at one station off the beaten track we ordered fried eggs. A pie plate was set before us with five fried eggs on it; we were about to divide these among us, when more and still more pie plates appeared. Each member finally got five or six eggs) —meat or eggs then, black bread and butter, usually some kind of sweet bun, and tea—or coffee if you insist, but it isn't like American coffee. The tea is good though. Because of lack of refrigeration the eggs in the north are apt to be not fresh enough to boil. One orders them fried or in omelets, so the cook may remove the dubious ones. For lunch you have meat or fish, vegetables such as macaroni, cauliflower, cucumbers, or tomatoes, black bread, tea, an ice with a sweet cracker, or perhaps watermelon. Potatoes are rare. Dinner, which you have at about nine, or ten, or eleven, is the same as luncheon except that in addition you have cabbage soup, which is delicious. These strange hours for eating were those of the old nobility, and the Russians are of the opinion that bourgeois enjoy them. You soon get used to them. If you are sick you can have white bread. As you go south you get more variety in your food, more butter, white bread, rice cakes with custard and jam, sometimes even chicken. Tourist category is much the same as "special" in respect to food, but you have more choice in the meat course. First-class travelers get in addition caviar, white bread, more desserts, such as the delicious Russian pastry, and tea in the afternoon. You always get enough to eat, in fact probably a great deal more than you want, but if you travel "special" you will probably like to supplement your diet with dried raisins, apricots, pears, chocolate, and jam, all of which can be bought quite reasonably at the Torgsin stores with American money.

Railroad travel "special" is in wooden cars which hold fifty-four people and are completely open. A corridor divides the car into a wide and a narrow section. In the narrow section the berths, which are just wooden shelves, run lengthwise of the car, one above the other; in the wide section they run crosswise and back to back. Two lengthwise berths and four crosswise ones form a sort of compartment, but they are open to the corridor and there is not even a partition between the upper berths—you can look the whole length of the car. There is a third tier of berths, usually reserved for baggage, but if the car is very crowded someone has to sleep up there. If you travel with a group you can nearly always secure a mattress, pillow, sheets, and blanket, frequently boiling hot from the steam fumigation. Otherwise you roll up in your own blanket and recollect your past blessings. There is a toilet at each end of the car, and all would be well but that someone evidently sold the Russian government soap faucets for water faucets. At all events you shove up on the faucet and the water sprays out, but of course with twice as much force as soap would. If you are not very careful the whole room gets sprayed. These old cars are rapidly being replaced, but you are likely to strike one now and then, and they are likely to harbor bedbugs. Some people apparently are immune, but some are not, and their only hope is to sleep in the upper berths, which are much freer from the pests, and use Flit—you should bring a small can and sprayer with you. These cars are the only real drawback to special category, but since in a thirty-one-day tour you only spend six nights in them, the hardship can be endured and even boasted about. As a matter of fact, these cars give you an opportunity to meet and talk with Russian peasants and workers which you could get in no other way.

If you definitely do not want to face the peculiarities of hard travel, tourist category and first both have clean and comfortable cars. They are divided in the regular European system into two- or four-berth compartments, all fully upholstered and covered with clean linen slip-covers. Bugs are very rare. The first-class cars are regular wagons-lits, but they do not go all over Russia. In "tourist" you will meet officials, army officers, factory managers, and the like, nearly half of whom are able to speak some German or English, and are more than willing to come into your compartment and give you their opinion of what the government should do. In first class there are few people, mostly foreigners and not anxious to talk. Boat travel, both down the Volga and on the Black Sea, is delightful—clean, plenty of room for tourists, sun deck, stops for swimming, gipsy campfires down the river, music—as romantic as you like. There are excellent little orchestras in even the small hotels; the music is a delight all over Russia.

There are certain things you will want to take with you —first, all necessary toilet articles, including and especially toilet paper. Take G. Washington coffee crystals (they are much better than the powder) if you cannot live without your morning cup. Safety pins, given one to each child you meet, will make you innumerable friends among the younger generation. Packets of needles are treasures to the older women. Picture postcards of America and ten-cent-store refill pencils are a great aid in becoming acquainted. Fountain pens are not so good as there is difficulty in getting ink for them—better take a bottle for your own use. As for clothes, the climate in Moscow is much like New York in summer, but the nights are cooler. The Black Sea is subtropical.

The question of health is simple. The Bolsheviks have put through a rampant hygiene campaign, and the only danger is dysentery. Care in drinking water and eating raw fruits is all that is necessary. In Moscow and Leningrad the water supply is modern and sanitary and you can drink from the faucets. Everywhere else the water must be boiled. One should peel fruit, tomatoes, and such. If you become ill, take bismuth, and send for the doctor. There's a doctor on every boat, and in every town you'll go to, even the little villages. He will give you treatment absolutely free.

If it is at all possible, do not confine your Russian trip to a short stay in Leningrad and Moscow. These two cities, in spite of their immense interest, their art and historical treasures, are nevertheless the most overcrowded and difficult to live in of any in Russia. The tourists are comfortable in their hotels, but seeing the people you will wonder if they can really pull through even with all their hard work and idealism. But if you can stay awhile, go out to the suburbs and surrounding districts, or better still take the trip down the Volga to Stalingrad, to the farming country round Rostov, to the Black Sea, to the great dam at Dnieperstroi (however it's spelled this year)—you will see a Russia much less hectic, better fed, more serene, more stable, and yet permeated with all the new energy.

(This is the third in a series of articles on various aspects of travel. The first two, by Arthur Warner, appeared in the issues of March 22 and April 5. A fourth, on American expatriates, by Martha Gruening, will be published in an early issue.)

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In the Driftway

IN the days of Coolidge prosperity, the Drifter walked in an alien world with a slight stoop which was the result of a burden of guilt. Drifters by their very nature have little prestige among respectable, hard-working, purposeful men. A wanderer with the winds of all the world in his hair may seem romantic to maiden ladies in sedate small towns or to young men just out of college. But heads of families are wont to regard him as a bad influence and slightly cracked. He is entertaining perhaps, but irresponsible. It may be all right for a young man to have his fling and go gallivanting over the globe, but a sensible person knows when it is time to settle down and prepare for old age so that he won't be a burden on his relatives and friends. Government bonds, insurance policies, real estate, bank stocks, a well-furnished house, a few children to perpetuate the better strains of the race—these are the righteous and full rewards of a solid citizen in America. In other countries the rewards may be slightly different but quite as righteous. The wanderer is just as suspect in Russia, for instance, as in the United States. For proof the Drifter has only to cite a newspaper headline he has pasted in his hat: Soviet Decrees All Bear Passes to Halt Drifters.

* * * * *

IN the America of 1929 the prestige of drifters had reached a particularly low level. An American without an office or a job on the belt, a man who was not making money ten hours of the day and thinking up ways of making money during the other fourteen, was, in effect, a man without a country. The Drifter neither sold nor bought anything. Electric iceboxes, cigarette lighters, miniature bars, modern furniture, sun lamps, cooperative apartments, a new car every year—all of these delightful things he passed by, often because he had not the price, sometimes because of a perverse resistance to salesmanship peculiar to drifters. When he did have a little cash he could never bring himself to buy a single railroad, government, or public-utility bond, a solitary stock, or one dollar's worth of insurance, and he turned his eyes the other way when a savings bank hove in sight. Instead, invariably, he squandered his meager superfluity on the cheaper steamship fares, on cafe days and evenings in the boulevard St. Germain and the Calle Serpiente, on secluded beaches in Brittany and remote trails in the high Rockies. No wonder that in 1929 the Drifter was a little stooped with a burden of guilt.

* * * * *

BUT every dog has his day. The Drifter's burden of guilt has slipped away. A warm sense of equality with his fellows envelops him. He has no more money of course than he ever had. But he has as much as he would have had if he had settled down and sold groceries on Main Street. And at least he has the satisfaction that his savings disappeared with his consent into bottomless pits of his own choosing. Furthermore he has escaped one bitter expense. He is not paying rent on a safety-deposit box full of the embossed and empty shells of railroad bonds, bank stocks, and unsurrenderable insurance policies.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Farmer's Side of It

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You fellows back East never can see any good in any attempt to benefit the farmer by legislation. According to government statistics about fifty-five million people in these United States are dependent upon agriculture, and unless their buying power is restored your factories will continue to run on part time or close down altogether.

You prate about subsidies! Agriculture has been paying a huge subsidy to Eastern manufacturers ever since McKinley's time through high tariffs. It is true that you have advocated a lowering of tariffs, but it is not being done and the present farm bill is an emergency measure to start the ball rolling. Then lower the tariffs and the farm bill will no longer be needed.

You call it a sales tax of 200 per cent. Are you not laying it on a little thick? Take wheat for example. I sold a thousand bushels last fall at 29 cents. Bread was selling at 8 and 10 cents a loaf, the same price we paid when wheat brought $1.50 a bushel. Do you think it would be an injustice to the processor to make him dig up something to equalize matters?

Beatrice, Neb., April 15 J. W. MCLERAN

Revolution and Art

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I correct a misquotation in Mr. Charles Yale Harrison's attack on Marxist writers, artists, and critics which appeared in *The Nation* of March 22? Mr. Harrison cites me as saying: "There were revolutionary artists in Mexico who thought they saw definite marks of decline in Rivera's technical skill as he abandoned his revolutionary faith." These words are torn from their context. The complete sentence reads: "There were revolutionary artists in Mexico who thought they saw definite marks of decline in Rivera's technical skill as he abandoned his revolutionary faith *and with frank cynicism accepted commissions which he despised as an artist and as a man.*" By omitting the words italicized, Mr. Harrison is able to exclaim ironically: "One wonders at the nature of the revolutionary faith of Comrades Rembrandt, Da Vinci, El Greco, and Van Dyck." The irony is wasted; it destroys nothing except Mr. Harrison's own man of straw.

Marxism has never claimed that a man cannot paint or write well unless he is a conscious revolutionary. Every artist must be judged in relation to his own social milieu. One might as well expect Cesare Borgia to be a technocrat as Da Vinci to be a "comrade." The four painters Mr. Harrison names happened to be part of bourgeois culture when that culture was revolutionary; but what is more important in this case is that Marxism recognizes that conscious partisans of a reactionary class may be great artists. Engels recognizes that Balzac is partial to the old aristocracy as against the bourgeoisie—"his sympathies are on the side of the class condemned to die"; but Engels also recognizes that Balzac is a literary genius, a realist who is "greater than all the Zolas of the past, present, and future."

Similarly, Lenin attacks Tolstoy as the exponent of the dying class of Russian landowners, but acknowledges his great literary genius. An integral part of the greatness of both Balzac and Tolstoy as literary masters lay in their absolute honesty, their gift for seeing and their courage for speaking the truth.

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Balzac, Engels tells us, is forced by his strong sense for the realities of life to "go contrary to his own class sympathies and his political prejudices"; the novelist cannot help seeing the inevitable fall of the aristocrats whom as a citizen he favors. Lenin, too, recognizes Tolstoy's greatness in his capacity for seeing beyond the narrow horizons of his class in describing character. "Is it not a paradox," Lenin once said to Gorki, "that there was no real mujik in literature until this Count came along?"

These observations ought to be self-evident and I should not press them here were it not for the fact that even serious and intelligent critics repeat Mr. Harrison's error. Joseph Wood Krutch, for instance, recently stated that from the "pure" Marxist viewpoint Proust and Hergesheimer are on the same level because they do not approach their characters with the yardstick of the social revolution. Nothing could be more absurd. Marxists recognize the gulf between Proust's genius and Hergesheimer's mediocrity. Indeed, of Proust it may be said, as Engels said of Balzac, that his penetration into French society is so deep that it reveals the truth regardless of the novelist's personal sympathies and prejudices. True, Proust is limited in his vision; he sees the life of part of French society, he is blind to the life of the "lower classes"; but the life he does depict he depicts with the insight of genius. His work shows with an extraordinary concreteness of detail the decomposition of an old world; to that extent it coincides with the truth, and the truth is revolutionary, particularly in a society which is compelled to conceal it in order to maintain itself.

New York, April 30 JOSEPH FREEMAN

Disrespectful and Unpatriotic

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to take exception to the cartoon, if such it may be termed, which appeared on page 436 of your issue of April 19. Such a representation in the stress of a political campaign would seem to merit the description of poor taste. To ridicule our only living ex-President after the election of his successor appears to me purposeless, unsportsmanlike, disrespectful, and unpatriotic, regardless of what part your publication took in the recent campaign and regardless of any personal feelings which its staff may have toward Mr. Hoover.

Palo Alto, Cal., April 21 FLOYD R. EICHELBERGER

Leo Gallagher

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In speaking of the Mooney trial recently you failed to mention the part Leo Gallagher has played in bringing about this new trial on the remaining indictment.

George H. Shoaf has said in the *Open Forum*: "Possibly the biggest factor which constrained Judge Ward of San Francisco to grant Tom Mooney another day in court was Leo Gallagher's masterly and convincing presentation of the law in the case." Those who heard the argument assert it was overwhelming; that it put Judge Ward on the spot; that he had no legal escape; and that he simply could not avoid giving Mooney a new trial. To someone who criticized him for deciding as he did, Judge Ward is reported to have said: "What else could I do? Mooney's lawyer marshaled incontestable facts. Those facts he fortified with the law. There was nothing else I could do but grant the petition."

Leo Gallagher's long record of defense of workers arrested while attempting to exercise their constitutional rights is well known. It was because of what the dean of Southwestern University Law School called his persistence in defending political minorities that he was dismissed last year from that institution after nine years of service as professor of law.

Mr. Gallagher is at present running for the office of Judge of the Municipal Court. He has been indorsed for this office by Theodore Dreiser, John Howard Lawson, Sam Ornitz, and various prominent Los Angeles ministers and attorneys.

Los Angeles, April 17 ESTHER MCCOY

Is It Quite Fair?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to protest against the statement in your issue of April 22 regarding the appointment of the new Indian commissioner. I am at a loss to understand why you should say, "For the first time in many years the Indians have a right to expect justice and sympathy from their guardians at Washington." It would seem from this that all the efforts made, not only by the outgoing commissioners, but by their predecessors, have gone for naught. While the Indians have not received full justice, and perhaps only a moderate amount of sympathy, they certainly have received some of each, which the editorial denies.

After all the labor and sacrifice which the outgoing commissioners have given to this very difficult task, it seems to me that they are deserving of a little more than this statement. Many of the things they would have liked to do they have been unable to do on account of Congressional restrictions or lack of funds, but certainly they have tried, and they have also accomplished. Do you think it quite fair to give them this parting thrust?

Philadelphia, April 25 JONATHAN W. STEERE

For Readers in Tulsa

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For years I have been an ardent reader of *The Nation* and needless to say enjoy contacts with persons who read it and other liberal magazines. I should like to get in touch with other readers of *The Nation* in Tulsa. Anyone who is interested may write me at 407 West Fourth Street. My telephone number is 4-4232.

Tulsa, Okla., April 28 THOMAS L. WILSON

Contributors to This Issue

RUTH FINNEY is a Washington newspaper woman who for many years has specialized on the power question.

JOHN GUNTHER is Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

AMY S. JENNINGS, formerly associate editor of *St. Nicholas*, was a member of a group which traveled through Soviet Russia last summer.

ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of folk plays entitled "Lamentations."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in the United States on a lecture tour.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON is Kenan Professor of History and Government at the University of North Carolina.

HERBERT ASBURY is the author of "Carry Nation."

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Books, Music, Drama

The President's Liberalism

Looking Forward. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. The John Day Company. $2.50.

WHAT is a liberal? The question has often been asked—and asked as if a satisfactory and categorical answer were impossible. Mr. Roosevelt identifies himself with liberalism and identifies it, in turn, with the American tradition. His credo of liberalism is to be found fairly expressed in his collected campaign addresses, slightly edited to remove ephemeral and local allusions. Now that the country has seen Mr. Roosevelt in action for two months, his underlying philosophy is of increased interest.

Mr. Roosevelt's creed is that the old vision of America as a land of freedom and opportunity is still our goal, but that its attainment requires a new approach. "Faith in America . . . demands that we recognize the new terms of the old social contract." And he further finds the contract to be "as old as the republic and as new as the new economic order," asserting that "every man has a right to life, and this means that he has also a right to make a comfortable living."

Well, that is an economic basis of thinking, a redefinition of the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which contrasts also with the purely political approach of his three predecessors in office. The President then proceeds to picture the changed American life which requires the new terms of the old social contract:

> Two-thirds of American industry is concentrated in a few hundred corporations, and actually managed by not more than five thousand men. More than half of the savings of the country are invested in corporation stocks and bonds, which have been made the sport of the American stock markets. Fewer than three dozen private banking houses and stock-selling adjuncts in the commercial banks have directed the flow of capital within the country and outside it.

And elsewhere:

> Such controlling and directive forces . . . reside to a dangerous degree in groups having special interests in our economic order, interests which do not coincide with the interests of the nation as a whole. . . . We cannot allow our economic life to be controlled by that small group of men whose chief outlook upon the social welfare is tinctured by the fact that they can make huge profits from the lending of money and the marketing of securities. . . .

And further:

> I believe that the individual should have full liberty of action to make the most of himself, but I do not believe that in the name of that sacred word, individualism, a few powerful interests should be permitted to make industrial cannon-fodder of the lives of half of the population of the United States.

Here is an attitude which should make possible far-reaching and even fundamental reform. How far-reaching is suggested by some of Mr. Roosevelt's specifically proposed remedies. He says: "Old-age, sickness, and unemployment insurance are minimal requirements in these days." These measures until very recently, and perhaps even today, have been contemptuously dubbed "socialistic" from the seats of power. Mr. Roosevelt's liberalism is found in other expressions. He says:

> I share the general complaint against regimentation; I dislike it not only when it is carried out by an informal group amounting to an economic government of the United States, but also when it is done by the government of the United States itself. I believe that the government, without becoming a prying bureaucracy, can act as a check or counterbalance of this oligarchy so as to secure initiative, life, a chance to work, and the safety of savings to men and women, rather than safety of exploitation to the exploiter, safey of manipulation to the financial manipulator, safety of unlicensed power to those who would speculate to the bitter end with the welfare and property of other people.

It must be confessed that while all this sounds hopeful, the words also have a latitude within which there is ample room for the success or failure of Mr. Roosevelt's objectives. A sentence like the following, while admirable in purport, is almost nullified by its enfeebling phrasing:

> I believe that we are at the threshold of a fundamental change in our economic thought. I believe that in the future we are going to think less about the producer and more about the consumer. Do what we may to inject health into our ailing economic order, we cannot make it endure for long unless we can bring about a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income.

Under the most rigorous interpretation of Mr. Roosevelt's conceptions and implied pledges, the old idea of America as a land of greater promise and greater opportunity than any other nation on earth may still be realized. Liberals will share his belief that this may be achieved in consonance with Jefferson's ideals of civil liberty, and that economic equality may be attained without loss of political liberty. But all liberals must likewise feel that the issue today hangs distressfully in the balance. They will agree with President Roosevelt that "what is called 'radical' today . . . is mild compared to Wilson's Presidential campaign." Mr. Roosevelt himself expresses his doubt in these words: "If our present social order is to endure, it must prove itself worthy . . . within the next few years."

Possibly within the next few months.

ERNEST GRUENING

A Chassidic Chronicle

The Sinner. By I. J. Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. Liveright. $2.50.

LITERATURE, if it lives long enough, ultimately becomes archaeology, and literary excavations are far more revealing than ruined cities. It is the peculiar fate of Yiddish literature to become archaeology in the lifetime of its authors. For Yiddish culture—that is, the language and the way of life and the psychology it has produced—is disintegrating before our eyes. Whatever metamorphosis the protean Jewish soul may undergo in the future, it cannot inhabit its present body very much longer. A contemporary Yiddish novel has an almost posthumous quality at birth, and apart from its value as a work of art it already has interest for us as a social document.

This novel, original of "Yoshe Kalb," the Yiddish Art Theater success, has unusual value as a social document, though it is no mean achievement as fiction. It is a colorful pageant of East European Yiddish *mores,* of all the apocryphal little customs and superstitions that individualize a race and a religion. But they are set down so incidentally that never for a moment is one aware of that false-face, papier-mache picturesqueness that is the besetting sin of Jewish genre novels in English. If the Yiddish type is passing, Yiddish literature can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it remains as a chronicle.

"The Sinner" takes one right into the heart of the pre-war Yiddish Mittel-Europa, a network of predominantly Jewish towns stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The main

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locale is the court of Rabbi Melech, a Chassidic potentate who from his capital in Nyesheve, Galicia, ruled over myriads of spiritual retainers throughout the Hapsburg and Romanov empires. Nahum, the rabbi's young son-in-law, a delicate, ascetic boy who lives in a realm of cabalistic mysticism, is seduced by Malkah, the lusty old rabbi's latest bride. Overwhelmed with guilt, the boy abandons his wife and disappears. For years he wanders through the world, a saintly simpleton, a sort of Jewish "divine fool," known only by the nickname of Yoshe Kalb, which is the Yiddish for Simple Simon. After fifteen years he turns up at Rabbi Melech's court and identifies himself to his wife and his father-in-law. His saintliness bids fair to win him the rabbinate succession, when a visiting rabbi from a distant town recognizes him as Yoshe Kalb, and moreover husband of the half-witted daughter of the local beadle, to whom he had been forcibly married in a gruesome ceremony in the cemetery, to allay the plague. The climax of the novel is the solemn trial of the mysterious simpleton by a synedrion of seventy great rabbis.

While the grasping, libidinous Rabbi Melech and the other Chassidic types of the book are individually authentic one might take issue with the one-sided picture of Chassidism which the author conveys. Chassidism is a Jewish revivalist movement of the eighteenth century. Like Christianity, an earlier manifestation of Chassidism, it arose as a revolt against the spiritual formalism of rabbinical Judaism. Chassidism taught that religion was not a duty but a joy, that in fact sadness was the supreme sin and happiness the supreme virtue. In the Chassidic synagogues Judaism became a delightful folk-dance and the Torah a romping hoyden. Ultimately Chassidism, like Christianity, degenerated into a superstitious formalism of its own, exploited by dynasties of wonder-working "saints." But though most of the "saints" were unscrupulous charlatans, their humble followers retained much of the pristine innocence of the movement, and their holiday Judaism, strangely akin to the intimate physical faith of the Negro spirituals, was a religious idyl in direct descent from the "lilies of the field." The author has hardly indicated this side of Chassidism.

It may be remarked that the novel is vastly superior to its vulgarized stage adaptation. Maurice Samuel has done a sensitive translation.

ALTER BRODY

The Beginnings of Tomorrow

In Place of Profit. By Harry F. Ward. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The Beginnings of Tomorrow. By Herbert A. Miller. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

STALIN said recently: "Our immediate task is to make all collectivized peasants well-to-do. Yes, comrades, well-to-do." Thunderous applause from the congress of collectivized peasants to whom this statement was made. But, he added, not through the exploitation of one by another. "All go up together or none go up," as Harry Ward puts it. Everybody has to work to achieve this goal. "Sometimes," Stalin declared, "people say: If there is socialism why should we still work? We worked before; we work now. Isn't it time we quit working?" "No," was Stalin's reply, "socialism is built on labor . . . Socialism demands that all men work honestly, not for others, not for the rich, not for the exploiters, but for themselves, for society."

This is the new labor incentive which Professor Ward has made the theme of a thought-provoking book. He went to Russia and lived with peasants and workers for many months investigating the single central problem: What induces Soviet citizens to exert themselves? He discovered, first of all, the same individual incentive that we know so well in the capitalist world. Through the wide application of piece work, which, it may be hoped, will gradually be abandoned because it is not always conducive to efficiency and rarely to a higher morality, compensation in the Soviet Union varies in accordance with the quality and quantity of the individual's efforts. Though that compensation is limited by steeply graduated income taxes and, for the Communist, by the party maximum—so that Stalin earns less than many factory hands—each person in Russia today works as hard and as much as he physically can. The difficult struggle for a living puts a premium on bigger incomes which can be used to acquire more necessities and comforts. The inventor, moreover, as Ward shows, is paid for his inventions. And the Communist is rewarded by the knowledge that he is contributing to the establishment of a new social order. Under present circumstances, therefore, no one's personal incentive or initiative is destroyed by the impossibility of getting rich or of becoming a capitalist.

But—and here is the reason for Ward's volume—the Bolsheviks have added to this universal individual propulsion to work a new factor—the social incentive. As a motive for a whole nation this is a unique phenomenon in all history. The operation of this novel incentive, Dr. Ward seeks to demonstrate, increases individual productivity and justifies Prime Minister Molotov's boast that "capitalism can and will be finally defeated by the fact that socialism will give rise to a new and much higher productivity of labor."

How does the social incentive function? In an efficient collective village—now that confiscatory grain collections have been abolished—it must become obvious to the naked eye of every mujik that honest effort improves the crop and raises his living standard directly and immediately. He cannot help realizing that since no capitalists or landowners or usurers are on the scene, nobody is in a position to skim off part of his or the collective's income. He knows therefore that when he works for the good of the collective he works for himself. There is, consequently, every convincing reason for supposing that the Soviet collectivized farmer will be at least as ambitious and ultimately as prosperous as the American capitalist farmer who pays a considerable share of his yield to the banker, the mortgagee, and the distributor. Perhaps, then, Stalin's aim of making all *kolhoz* members well-to-do in two or three years is not an idle dream.

It cannot be as apparent to the Soviet workingman that the "surplus value" produced by his factory accrues to himself. Industry is more complicated and interdependent. Dr. Ward asserts, nevertheless, that the worker in Russia is learning that "from the acceptance of mutual dependence comes independence of want and fear." He contends that factory employees see the profit of industry being converted into more commodities, more educational facilities, and more social benefits. It cannot be otherwise, since no capitalist first carries off part of the values created by the plant. If, in the end, socialism proves more efficient than capitalism, with its periodic depressions, waste through overlapping and planlessness, and its costly competition and advertising, the Soviet worker will have gained all and lost nothing. Meanwhile, the elimination of the insecurity which plagues life in bourgeois countries has, according to Dr. Ward, already been achieved. He shows how. Dr. Frankwood Williams makes the same point elsewhere and suggests that this relief from the fear of a rainy day and an uncertain future has reduced mental diseases in the Soviet Union to a negligible minimum.

There is much general information in Harry Wood's book about Bolshevik principles and practice. The stress is on the interpretation of soviet ideology. Too few books on Russia have done this in the past. Too many are travelogues or social photographs.

An interesting relationship exists between Dr. Ward's book

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and Professor Miller's. It is Ward who writes on Miller's topic, "The Beginnings of Tomorrow," while Miller actually registers the break-up of yesterday. His volume covers a tremendous field and reflects much travel and culture. It takes in China, India, Russia, and most other Asiatic countries, as well as religions, revolutions, and rival sociologies. In the author's mind, it seems, realism and receptiveness to new ideas mingle strangely with mysticism, psychological determinism, and unbridled individualism. The thesis of the book is that Asia and Africa are awakening, and that the West must be on its guard. Such a thesis assumes the truth of Kipling's "East is East and West is West." But the rigid demarcation of the poet of imperialism is non-existent. With Western capitalism intrenched in Asia and Africa; with an indigenous bourgeoisie developing in India, China, Turkey, Persia, and Egypt; with Japan, an Eastern Power, now exhibiting Western "culture" in Manchuria; and with bolshevism westernizing a semi-Asiatic nation, the need is not for the geographical politics of the German "Geo-Politik" school to which Professor Miller owes much of his inspiration. The need is for a basis of interpretation which, without overlooking racial and geographical differences, will see the unity of the capitalist world instead of its continental and national divisions.

LOUIS FISCHER

Was Jackson a Democrat?

Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain. By Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.75.

WHY another life of Washington, Jackson, or Lincoln? is the natural inquiry as each new biography of those much-, not to say, over-studied national heroes comes from the press in a fashion not unlike Ford cars rolling out from the assembly line. The burden of proof is upon the author always, and a plea of *nolo contendere* is usually the most convincing answer we can extract. But not in this case. Here the reply is full, sufficient, and convincing.

Bernard DeVoto, in a penetrating—and devastating—essay in the January *Harpers,* while discussing the new biography for for which he hopes, thus characterizes it:

> His result lacks brilliance. It is without the certainty of the ignorant and the psychological—the certainty that is the unmistakable hallmark of the theorist's cocksureness. It is without the ingenious nonsense of the interpreter. It is without the invective of the debunker . . . It is without teaching, without preaching . . . It will not make life seem easier to optimists and has no bearing on reform or revolution. It is only an intelligent man's efforts to deal with facts. It is a faulty, imperfect picture, a blurred image, an uncompleted map. But such as it is, it is trustworthy; it looks towards reality. It establishes part of a pattern, makes out some lines of the obscured page, recovers something from the past. Like other controlled and tested knowledge, it is usable. . . . It is an effort in the direction of truth.

It is not too much to say that this study of Jackson's pre-Presidential career, bringing him to 1824, is all of this and more, for it has more than a touch of brilliance. Mr. James, as he has already demonstrated, can write with grace and power. This book is not written, to quote Mr. DeVoto again, "with something between a bath sponge and an ax."

Following on the heels, as it does, of many predecessors, the story is not a rehash of familiar material but is fresh and original. No previous biographer of Jackson has so closely studied every variety of available evidence on the subject, and at the same time walked so carefully in Jackson's steps in order fully to familiarize himself with the whole scene of action. He has used new evidence, improved on previous use of the old, and profitably and frankly made excellent use of the volumes of earlier biographers, acknowledging his chief indebtedness, first to Parton and then to Bassett. With infinite pains he has sought to settle forever certain controverted matters, some of them of slight importance. For example, one of the most humorous of historical disputes is that between South Carolina and North Carolina over Jackson's birthplace. Mr. James, in a discussion of the matter in his notes where he marshals the conflicting evidence in some thousands of words, reaches the fairly safe, though unproved, conclusion that he was born in South Carolina, but like most of those who have written on the subject fails to call attention to the fact that where Jackson went was far more important than where he came from, for if he had remained in South Carolina or North Carolina it is scarcely conceivable that we should have occasion to study him at all, much less to quarrel about his birthplace. But the scrupulous care of the author in this matter is characteristic of his documentation and elaborate notes, which with their wealth of detail give completeness to the picture, as well as confidence in the accuracy of the work.

The Andrew Jackson here portrayed is not a new one—such a thing could not be expected—but he appears in far clearer delineation, while here and there new features and characteristics present themselves. In face of the evidence it can scarcly be maintained hereafter that Jackson himself ever acquired any taint of democracy. He could and did use the people, and while he probably never accepted the Hamiltonian doctrine with respect to them, he almost certainly felt as little kinship with them as Hamilton himself. A more selfish Jackson here stalks—Jackson, apparently, always stalked—along various highways, all of them leading with his full intention to the magnifying of Andrew Jackson. His enemies—and of course those of his country—were those who disagreed with him, stood in his way, or failed to concede his primacy. High-tempered, often ill-tempered, implacable in his resentments, and not free from bloodthirst where his opponents were concerned, he is not always highly admirable, but he is none the less uniformly fascinating.

A few minor errors have been noted, but none that bear upon the author's conclusions. The chief value of the volume lies in the fact that it is the first elaborate and exhaustive study of Jackson, based on documentary evidence, that is readable, fascinatingly so. "Scientific" biography evidently can be also truly pleasing entertainment.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

A Communist Colony

Amana That Was and Amana That Is. By Bertha M. H. Shambaugh. The State Historical Society of Iowa. $3.50.

MRS. SHAMBAUGH has written before—in 1908—about Amana, that extraordinarily interesting German communist colony which has been settled in one of the most fertile sections of Iowa since 1855. The present volume is an expansion of her earlier work. It has been altogether the most successful communist experiment in the United States. It has lived, on the whole, harmoniously and prosperously. It has become famous for some of its manufactures, notably its woolen blankets. It retains even today its German characteristics, including a distinctive dress and the use of the German language alongside of English. Under the pressure of circumstances, however, it has now considerably changed its communistic character. It now pays wages, permits its members to own their houses, and has in other respects yielded to the lure of private property. Yet it is still distinctly communistic in many of its aspects, and it is interesting to note that even in these hard times

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there is no unemployment there. Mrs. Shambaugh has written with an obviously high respect for the members of Amana, acquired by many years of observation and nearby residence, and her book is fully documented. On the other hand, it must be said that she has not touched except very delicately upon the weak side of the community and the frailties of a section of its membership. She has also not touched upon the indignities and suspicions to which these worthy men and women were subjected during the World War merely because they were of German origin. Their nearly seventy years of residence in Iowa, with their extraordinary record of law-abiding loyalty and their amazingly high general level of character, did not protect them from revolting hundred-per-cent-American persecutions.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

City of the Angels

Los Angeles: A History with Side-Shows. By Morrow Mayo. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE publisher's blurb on the dust-jacket of Mr. Mayo's book describes the career of Los Angeles as "fantastic, entertaining, and interesting," which is putting it mildly, to say the least. With equal restraint it might have said that the history of the City of the Angels, from General Gaspar de Portola to Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, has been grotesque, preposterous, weird, bizarre, or what have you? Mr. Mayo appears to have been particularly struck by the madness which has accompanied the growth of the Western metropolis; although he devoted several years to collecting and studying the material which went into this work, he is still, if one is to judge by his comments, scarcely able to believe it.

But at any rate here is an account of Los Angeles from its founding to the present, aptly subtitled "A History with Side-Shows," and entertainingly set down by a capable journalist with a flair for the pungent phrase. Mr. Mayo has quite obviously done an immense lot of research, and has observed the gyrations of the Angelinos with an understanding eye. And from his labors has come a volume which the student of American phenomena will find invaluable. There is nothing in it that is not of absorbing interest, and there is a great deal that is amazing and almost unbelievable. So far as my knowledge extends, it is the first honest and unbiased history of the weirdest municipality on earth—not really a city, but a huge collection of villages which Mr. Mayo describes as "an artificial city which has been pumped up under forced draught, inflated like a balloon, stuffed with rural humanity like a goose with corn." Mr. Mayo's is far too truthful a book to be popular in California, although San Franciscans should enjoy it; and there is no likelihood that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will strike off a special edition and make it even a minor note in the unceasing clamor about the glories of Southern California. Nor will it find favor in the eyes of the All-Year Club, probably the greatest booster organization in the United States, which recently announced that in one four-month period it had published more than 90,000,000 separate advertisements, all devoted to spreading the gospel of more and better climate.

The reader will find in Mr. Mayo's book plenty of what is called straight history, for he gives names, dates, and carefully authenticated facts concerning every important event, from that day in August, 1769, when General Portola stuck his sword in a bit of mesa land and decreed that on that spot should rise the town of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, through the period when Los Angeles was widely known as the Hell-Hole of the West and was without doubt the wickedest town on the American continent, down to and including the triumphs of Sister McPherson, the Queen of the Evangelists. But the stories of the side-shows give the real picture of Los Angeles and its amazing history. Mr. Mayo omits none of them; he describes in fascinating detail the rise of the city's suburbs, Pasadena and its plutocrats, Hollywood and its movie stars, Venice and its imported gondoliers, the great land boom which paved the way for the modern city, and the amazing ballyhoo which is constantly maintained in full cry by the Chamber of Commerce and other booster organizations. As Mr. Mayo points out, Los Angeles is regarded by the Angelinos as "a commodity, something to be advertised and sold to the people of the United States like automobiles, cigarettes, and mouth washes." He closes his book with a careful summary of the city as it is today, and speculates briefly but entertainingly upon its future. He doubts that Los Angeles will ever become the great nerve center of the Pacific Coast that its boosters confidently expect it to be. He believes that the climate is against it, and that once the influx of people from harsher and more invigorating climates has stopped, Los Angeles will cease its bellowing and abandon its go-getter habits, and become, as nature intended, a slow and dreamy town. And a good thing, too.

Whatever the future may hold for Los Angeles, it is today, as Mr. Mayo clearly shows, only a gigantic municipal circus, sprawling over 442 square miles (more than any other city in the world, of course) between the desert and the deep blue sea. Only America could have spawned it, but could even America produce another? In the immortal language of a Hollywood movie mogul, "I can tell you in two words, impossible."

HERBERT ASBURY

Russians Don't Assassinate

Ivan the Terrible. By Stephen Graham. Yale University Press. $3.

> There is a certain ingredient of good character which in English is called "pluck." There is no Russian equivalent for it.
>
> There was no chivalry, no French insincerity of polished manners. On the other hand there was no conscious rectitude as of the English.
>
> The Russian fighting character was that of the wolf pack which waits and harasses and snarls and retreats and returns always reinforced.
>
> But the Russians, passive to fate, have ever proved pitifully incapable of assassinating those who oppressed them. The belligerent, cruel, vigorous Ivan was safer than an idealist would have been. For slaves and Slavs require a tyrant to rule over them.

PERHAPS this exhibit is enough to indicate how prejudiced and untrustworthy Mr. Graham is on any subject dealing with Russia and her history. It is true that he has spent several years in the country and familiarized himself with its literature. But he is an excellent example of the traveler who rolls over the globe in his own impenetrable little microcosm. In the composition of his shell these two elements are present—a smug English sense of superiority to alien races, and the idea, so pleasant to the English imperialist, of the Russian as the bear that walks like a man.

During the World War Mr. Graham in his surpassing wisdom reassured his English and American public that there could never be a revolution in Russia because the peasants loved their "little father" with a great and simple love. In spite of the long roll of Nihilist political assassinations Mr. Graham assures us in the phrases quoted above that "the Russians, passive to fate, have ever proved pitifully incapable of assassinating those who oppressed them," Mr. Graham's implication being that the present regime in Russia endures because of this incapacity. The Russian people's tolerance of Ivan and his cruelty

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is given no other explanation, though a very obvious explanation is at hand.

In Russia as in other European nations the struggle between the nobility and the throne for supreme power was very bitter. Royalty was by no means universally victorious. Royalty usually allied itself with the emergent bourgeoisie to crush the nobility. Because of his terrified childhood, when he had been maltreated by the proud Boyars, Ivan's struggle against the Boyars had a psychopathic quality. But his cruelty was not directionless, as Mr. Graham implies. Most of his victims were from the aristocracy, whose oppression of all the lower classes had been so merciless that they could watch its sufferings with indifference and even with satisfaction. The expansion east and south and the development of trade under Ivan brought good times to the lower classes during at least a large part of his reign. This explanation makes clear both the motive for Ivan's terrorization of the aristocracy and the popular acquiescence in his rule. Ignoring it, Mr. Graham is obliged to present Ivan in the guise of a mad butcher and the Russian people as cattle.

Mr. Graham's English interest leads him to give disproportionate attention to the commercial relations between England and Russia which began in Ivan's reign. Ivan is represented as being hastened to his death by his failure to acquire an English wife.

It is a little astonishing that the Yale University Press should give its imprimatur to a book that, though its names and dates are correct, is in the essentials of calm historical writing so unscholarly.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Shorter Notices

Papa La Fleur. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

In Miss Gale's slender and slow-moving story of Papa La Fleur, the lovable old bee-keeper who lived, as if in another world, on an island near Portage, Wisconsin, there is an intensity of evocation, a wealth of sensuous impression, that require the greatest collaboration on the part of the reader. Verging perilously near in this novelette to effects which might be compared to the slowly elaborated, sentimental photography in a motion picture by D. W. Griffith, Miss Gale justifies her method by her unusual sensitivity to the beauties of landscape, and the exquisiteness of her writing. To enjoy the book to the fullest, one must give oneself up to it, consciously accept her objective to evoke the mood of the island and a picture of life still simple and heroic, and read with all one's senses. Strangely enough, one wishes that Miss Gale had not observed such reticence in constructing her plot. While the ending—Papa La Fleur's death in the waters of his native river—is a foregone conclusion, a necessary climax to the mood and tempo of the story, one is somehow disappointed to learn that Linnie's running off to Chicago with the stranger was an innocent escapade. The general atmosphere of the story could well have assimilated a melodramatic plot, and might even be said to require it as part of the pictorial effect.

Outside Eden. By J. C. Squire. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.40.

In these eleven short stories, designed for the most part to hit off the foibles of British authors, journalists, and critics, Mr. Squire pokes such devastating fun at the book reviewers—their rhetoric, their clichés, their guilelessness—that he is likely to leave them all in a state of paralyzed embarrassment, unable to train their customary flow of verbiage on his own work. However, one notes that the London *Observer's* comment on "Outside Eden" is in the very vein of book-reviewing that Mr. Squire so adroitly satirizes: "Here, in short, is a rich and various and

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jolly volume," and so on. The book cannot, therefore, be the first warning of that massacre which all reviewers subconsciously dread, or even the beginning of a movement to legislate them out of existence. Apparently Mr. Squire wishes them to live; so that, fetching a deep sigh of relief, one proceeds as usual: "Without indulging in morbid probings into the underlying motivations of human behavior, Mr. Squire reveals a deft talent for catching the superficial aspects of humanity, and for satirizing the literary branch in particular. Prof. Gubbitt's Revolution is a masterpiece of its kind. In this witty fantasy Mr. Squire is at his best, revealing his sly talent for making writers and critics mildly ridiculous, by turning their own clichés back on them with impish disrespect." *Stet.*

Music

"Pierrot Lunaire"

WITH the recent repetitions of two important works the League of Composers has crowned ten years of rich and varied activity on behalf of "debatable music." One of them, the Bloch Quintet, had its first performance, by Mr. Harold Bauer and the Lenox quartet, at the first concert of the league, in 1924. Their recent reunion to play it again at a league concert could only remind us that the work has long since emerged from the debatable category to establish for itself a secure and important place. Of the other, Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," much worse could be and has been said than that it has not emerged from the debatable limbo.

"Pierrot Lunaire" appeared in 1912, and has been more widely produced than any other large work of Schönberg's. It is a musical setting, for half a dozen assorted instruments and *Sprechgesang* (speech-song), of twenty-one poems by Albert Giraud, translated into German by Hartleben—the translator of Dowson. The text is so characteristic of the weakest post-romantic verse that it has been suspected, and Schönberg with it, of satiric intent. The voice part is written out in notes, but Schönberg carefully says on the flyleaf of the score that the part is not to be sung, nor is it to be simply spoken: the singer is to keep strictly to the notated rhythm, and to attack the indicated pitches—immediately leaving them, however, as in speech. *Sprechgesang* is a device which Schönberg and others have used extensively, and it was one of the most-discussed features of "Pierrot Lunaire." But instead of being a revolutionary departure, it is hardly more than the development to its logical, or absurd, conclusion of a tendency already conspicuous in the works of Wagner—the tendency of song to depart from the strictly musical line and approximate excited speech, from which, according to one theory, it originally sprang. The atavism was carried as far by Wagner as it should have been. For the best singers keep even the most difficult Wagner passages from being unmusically shouted, while the voice part of "Pierrot Lunaire" must be much more spoken than sung. Mina Hager, who spoke-sang it at the league's performance, seemed to do it full justice. But the result was much like Moissi's too well-remembered inflections. And the combination of musical and unmusical sounds is usually unsatisfactory.

Many of the comments which have swarmed in the wake of "Pierrot Lunaire" seemed more important before the recent performance than they do now; the effect of the work in performance is flat. Huneker's phrase, "the ecstasy of the hideous," seems as if he must have written it after struggling with the score rather than after listening to the work. Now, at any rate, it seems entirely inappropriate to this attempt to mix old wines—of vintages from 1500 to 1900—in new bottles. So does the enthusiasm with which various commentators greeted "Der Mondfleck" (No. 18 of the "Pierrot Lunaire" set). It consists of two simultaneous canons, both of which turn about in the middle and go backwards by the "cancrizans" device, accompanied by an independent three-part fugue—a piece of extreme intricacy, which has been likened to Bach's "Art of the Fugue." But what makes the most intricate of Bach's structures important is not their intricacy alone, but their intricacy *within the limitations* of laws of consonance and tonality. And when Wellesz writes that "this extremely intricate construction is not an end in itself, but is conditioned by the text: 'With a white spot of the bright moon falling on the back of his black coat—thus Pierrot makes his promenade in the cool evening,'" he is simply matching an ecstasy of the intricate with an ecstasy of the absurd. Schönberg writing this intricate polyphonic piece free from the limitations of tonality and consonance is like an architect designing an intricate structure "free from the limitations" of gravity and other stresses. And the absence of the limitations, and especially the speed of this piece, keep even an attentive and forewarned listener from being conscious even of the intricacy—much less of any relation between it and the text.

The League of Composers by its stated purpose must expect, of course, that little of the music it produces will turn out to be permanently important. Most of the music of any age—the 1920's certainly not excepted—is doomed to be forgotten. The league is to be congratulated when a work it has sponsored turns out to be a masterpiece, like the Bloch Quintet; it is certainly not to be censured when "Pierrot Lunaire" seems to have been a dud. For the league can be judged not by the intrinsic value of the music it produces, but only by the catholicity and adequacy with which it brings forward all forms of debatable music. And in its ten years of performing that function it has certainly made a record unsurpassed by any similar organization anywhere.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

Values Once Again

IN a stimulating article in the current *Symposium,* Dwight MacDonald offers a running commentary on the work of seven Hollywood directors—Griffith, Vidor, Mamoulian, D'Arrast, King, and the "two Lubitsches." The trouble that Mr. MacDonald finds with most of them is that despite a sometimes exceptional technical proficiency they believe in nothing, their work is unmotivated by that "driving passion" which we associate with the true artist. Only David Wark Griffith had something to say, and the courage to say it in the face of both the producer and the public. Such pictures as "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation" really owed their power to Mr. Griffith's passionate absorption in "abstract ideas." None of his successors, except Von Stroheim in "Greed," has had either the belief or the courage to turn out anything surpassing in importance the technical exercise or, in Eisenstein's phrase, the Ph.D. thesis. Many convincing examples are offered to show the strange disparity between the infantilism of theme and subject in recent American pictures and the frequent competence or pretentiousness with which they are directed. The vigorous exposé of Rouben Mamoulian (who is called "The Thief of Hollywood") almost coincides with the revival by the Film Society of that director's "Applause." The over-elaborate symbolism applied to the tawdry melodrama of that picture, it may be said, seemed even more grotesque than in Mr. MacDonald's description of it. And Mr. MacDonald is in agreement with this column that Henry King's "State Fair" was one of the season's

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most irritating failures because so much good incidental directing was wasted on a wholly sentimental and distorted version of current American farm life.

But there is something perhaps a little unfair in all this denunciation of the American cinema for a fault or a limitation which it shares, after all, with every other branch of art in our time. In the first place, an ardent sincerity of conviction expressed with mastery of form and technique is rarely enough to be found in any field of art in any period. In view of the newness of the medium, the special practical difficulties surrounding it, the miracle is that we get as many excellent pictures as we do—and the average has been as high as two or three a year. But the more important fact that Mr. MacDonald seems to ignore is the extreme difficulty for all the arts today of discovering in life itself values that are strong enough or universally enough accepted to stand up under artistic expression. The cinema, like the other arts, deals with experience, not with abstract "beliefs," ideas, or standards. It reflects these of course, but only to the extent that they are actually operative in the living experience of an age. If Hollywood directors still trade on the debased sentimentality and romanticism that survive an earlier set of values, the fault is not so much with them as with contemporary life itself, which has so far failed to provide any values potent enough to be reflected in art. That the artist must believe in something, one is inclined to agree, but not with Mr. MacDonald's next statement—"it doesn't matter what." Neither the naive patriotism of Griffith nor the toilsome naturalism of Von Stroheim has survived, because as values both were found inadequate. And as for communism, we have seen too many lamentable results of the effort to hasten the process by which dogma becomes assimilated with life to be persuaded that that process can be artificially encouraged.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Loyalty and Passion

MISS SUSAN GLASPELL'S experience as a playwright goes all the way back to the early days of the Washington Square Players. Many still remember the gay little satire on Freudianism which she wrote then under the title of "Suppressed Desires" and also the later, more ambitious drama "The Verge," whose elusive symbolism was strangely fascinating even when it was not entirely comprehensible. Yet despite this long experience Miss Glaspell's skill has continued to grow, very slowly but very surely. "Inheritors" seemed to me rather more admirable in intention than in achievement, and it was not until "Alison's House" won the Pulitzer prize two years ago that she came anywhere near to a popular success. Now "The Comic Artist," written in conjunction with Norman Matson and presented at the Morosco Theater, seems to me to be in many ways the most surely as well as the most maturely written of her plays.

This time Miss Glaspell has abandoned all reliance upon the topical interest of her subject matter, and has chosen a story whose outline is commonplace enough. The younger of two devoted brothers has married a vain and selfish girl who had once been the mistress of the other. He knows and has accepted the fact, but when the two come on a visit to the lonely Cape Cod studio where the older brother has settled down with his wife, the ex-mistress manages for a moment to stir the old embers into flame. The indiscretion of the two old lovers is discovered, and the pattern of four lives is, for the time being at least, completely destroyed. Such a story might, of course, be made into

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anything or nothing, but Miss Glaspell has made it seem freshly real by the vividness of her character drawing and of her atmosphere. She is concerned less with the situation itself or even with its general implications than with its meaning for four very specific temperaments. The question is a question of relative values, of loyalty versus passion, of the bright vivid joys of the moment versus the duller, though more solid, satisfaction which habit and harmony build into contentment. But the question cannot be answered abstractly. It is a question of who is sacrificing what to what, of how capable each is of ecstasy on the one hand or of contentment on the other. And Miss Glaspell's achievement consists in the fact that she has developed the whole situation in terms of four diverse but individual persons. The result is, accordingly, something as far from the mere problem play as it is from that melodrama which it might, of course, so easily have been. What one gets is a rich and subtle study in character, with a powerful presentation of the workings of strong feeling in persons intelligent enough and fine enough to make strong feeling significant. That, incidentally, is something the importance of which dramatic writers seem often to forget. They seek violent actions and "strong" situations. They overlook the fact that neither is very impressive unless the persons involved have perceptions delicate enough really to feel the force of the events in which they have become involved.

On the whole "The Comic Artist" is also very well played, with Blanche Yurka and Lora Baxter as the two women and Richard Hale and Robert Allen as the two men. I wish therefore that I could predict for it a success equal to what it really deserves, but candor compels me to confess that I very much doubt whether it will be playing by the time this notice appears. These days fortune is not usually very kind to serious plays as lacking as this in either topical interest or sensational qualities, and the difficult business of getting audiences into playhouses is not usually accomplished by promising them merely intelligence, literary quality, and that particular brooding intensity which are the chief things Miss Glaspell has to offer. The difficulty is in part inherent in the dramatic form itself, which is best adapted to somewhat more obviously striking qualities, but the tendency of our own particular theater is to heighten it. Half our serious plays are "news" of one kind or another and undertake to give us the inside story of something, whether it be back-stage life or behind the scenes with a city editor. Half of the remaining half are scandalous, technically showy, or in some other way sensational. We have become so inured to noise and to spice that we find it difficult to hear quiet beauty or to taste delicate flavors.

Since "The Three-Penny Opera" has disappeared from the boards, I shall not carry out my threat to discuss it at length, but I cannot refrain from repeating that this deliberately perverted version of "The Beggar's Opera" struck me as something decidedly worth seeing for its savage humor. Of course it was not intended to be very much like Gay's opus. That is pervaded by a jolly sort of roast-beef and hearts-of-oak brutality, while "The Three-Penny Opera" is unmistakably a product of Germany's despairing morbidity. The method, with its mixture of styles and its continually broken rhythms, was that of a kind of dada or surréalisme, and it was cynical with the cynicism of hopelessness, but, so far at least as I am concerned, it got under the skin. Consider, for example, the wandering soliloquy of the czar of the begging racket upon the essentials of his profession: "The rulers of the world can create misery but they can't bear to look at it. A man who has always had plenty to eat and always will have plenty, simply cannot endure to see another man faint of hunger—that is, of course, if he does it on his doorstep." If that, in its grotesque setting, is not a telling speech, then I have lost my judgment. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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